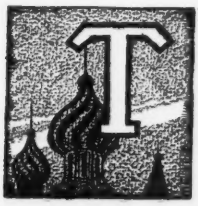
The Holiday Cosmopolitan

The Russian Secret Police

By Robert Crozier Long

As the special representative in Russia of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, Mr. Long has made some startling disclosures concerning the present social and political conditions of the Tsar's fast-crumbling empire. In a series of vital articles, of which this is the first, our correspondent will picture the more important phases of Russian life as they have never before been pictured. New and terrible facts, the mere recital of which would send the writer to prison were they published in Russia, will be given in these articles, than which nothing more illuminative has ever appeared in print.—Editor's Note.



THIRTY thousand Russians, men and women, are at present engaged in gathering interesting data as to the desires and intentions of the remaining one hundred and fifty million. That is a brief way of summing up the Russian system of secret political police, which for a century has been the most efficient mainstay of the now tottering autocracy, and which is indeed the most numerous, widespread, and hated organization of the kind that has ever existed. The number thirty thousand is approximate only. Probably thrice thirty thousand from time to time assist the authorities in detecting revolutionary and terrorist conspiracies, and in apprehending their authors. But the vast majority of these are not in the regular detective service; they either serve for short periods, or sell single items of information, or give information free, for there is a large reactionary or "black gang" class who, for purely disinterested motives, inform on their malcontent neighbors.

The number thirty thousand is indefinite for two other reasons: The exact number, local distribution, and cost of the "okhrana," as it is called, are known to no single official, and the little that is known is kept in impenetrable mystery. What is more, these three factors alter from year to year, and even from month to month, according to changing political conditions in each center of population. The fact is that though the okhrana exists and flourishes, it has no juridical existence. It is not sanctioned by Russian constitutional law, it has practically no central organization, and its cost does not appear in the imperial budget. It is a vast but amorphous and invertebrate army of political spies and detectives who move from place to place, take orders almost exclusively from local authorities, and turn their hands to anything from the detection of genuine conspiracies to provocative incitement of class against class—

as in the case of the Jewish "pogroms"—and to provocative creation of fictitious plots for the inveigling of revolutionary-minded dupes.

Russians, with much amusement, still read occasionally in the foreign press of what is called the "dreaded Third Section" of the police, by which is implied the secret political police. As a matter of fact, however, the Third Section has not existed for twenty years. In the reign of Alexander III it was transformed into the prosaic Department of Police, and this department exists today as one of the chief divisions of the Ministry of the Interior. The Ministry of the Interior, from an ugly stucco building on the Fontanka Canal, directs all the regular police forces, including the gendarmerie, whose function has become almost purely political. But the okhrana, or political detective service, is entirely independent of both these bodies. It is nominally subject to the Ministry of the Interior, but in reality takes its orders on the spot from prefects and governors of provinces, and, where martial law exists, from the military authorities. It has, in short, no general policy or plan of action, but works exclusively on immediate aims which depend upon the contingencies of the hour.

GUARD AT THE TSAR'S PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG

The okhrana's strength and activity in any particular center depend entirely upon the strength and activity of local revolutionaries. Wherever revolutionary or terrorist acts become prevalent, the ordinary civil law is suspended in favor of a rule more or less approximating martial law. The mildest of these systems of governmental terrorism is what is known as "usilennaya" okhrana, or "increased security." "Increased security" gives the local governor or prefect exceptional powers. Much more severe is "tchresvuitchainaya" okhrana, or "extraordinary security," under which the prefect or governor can fine, imprison, or exile without trial, prohibit newspapers and meetings, in short, do almost anything he pleases. After "extraordinary security" comes "martial law" (*voennoe polozhenie*), and lastly the "state of siege" (*osadnoe polozhenie*), under both of which the military authorities have absolute control. The "state of siege," which entails drumhead courts-martial for ordinary offenses, is not usually used as an antirevolutionary weapon, as martial law gives the military forces as much power as they can exercise.

Either "increased" or "extraordinary security" exists over almost all Russia to-day; and it is this fact which gives the secret political police its power and value. Once either state is declared, the prefect or governor can do almost anything he likes, by "administrative process"; and the object in thus suspending the ordinary law is to make it possible for the local administrator to get rid of, at once and without trial, all persons whose "hopefulness"—such is the governmental word—is doubtful. The first things done by every prefect invested with this exceptional power are to arrest summarily hundreds, and even thousands, of suspicious persons, to search houses, to seal up printing-presses, and to watch such persons as it is not advisable to arrest. To do this he must have at his disposal a multitude

Drawn by F. B. Masters

THE ARREST OF A NOTED REVOLUTIONIST

MAJOR-GENERAL DEDIULIN, COMMANDER OF THE SEPARATE CORPS OF GENDARMES, THE ACTING ARM OF THE RUSSIAN POLITICAL SPY SYSTEM

of spies and detectives. Therefore the first effect of declaring "increased" or "extraordinary security" is to multiply the local detective service by importing men from more peaceful centers. When, after the dissolution of the Duma, the city of St. Petersburg was declared under "extraordinary security," over three thousand men were imported from other towns; and still more were enlisted after the attempt to blow up the premier, M. Stolypin.

The primary functions of the okhrana are to spy on doubtful persons, to buy treason, to attend in disguise workingmen's secret gatherings, to watch incoming trains, and to play the unlovely part of *agents provocateurs*. Such is the everyday work of what may be called the floating okhrana. But in addition every city has a special-service okhrana, whose duty it is to protect the Tsar, the grand dukes, ministers whose lives are threatened, local governors, and even humble individuals who have made themselves objectionable to the terrorists. In addition to the palace military guards and the palace uniformed police, there is invariably a horde of plain-clothes okhrana men whose radius extends for several miles around the palaces. At the railway-stations at Peterhof and Tsarskoe-Selo, the Tsar's summer and winter residences, there are always at least a dozen okhrana men; others loiter about the roads leading to the palaces; others, posing as inquisitive tourists, gape at the walls of the parks; and, finally, others are stationed within the parks and sometimes even within the palaces.

M. Plehve, the most detested minister of the interior Russia ever had, surrounded himself with an enormous army of such spies and plain-clothes protectors. The revolutionists accused him of keeping three hundred men for his personal protection; but, whatever the number, they did not prevent him from being blown up in daylight in St. Petersburg's chief street. At and around M. Stolypin's summer villa on August 25, 1906, were no less than thirty-five okhrana men, under the command of a major-general. Some posed as footmen and door-porters, others as petitioners waiting for an audience, and others carried parcels or mended roads leading to the villa. Yet disguised terrorists passed the scrutiny of all, penetrated to the door of the premier's working-room, and threw a bomb which killed and wounded over fifty persons, including the commander of the okhrana himself. Occurrences like these, and the numerous murders of governors, all of whom are protected by the okhrana, only confirm the terrorist boast that no spy and protection system can outwit a resolute man willing to sacrifice his own life. The contrast between the security enjoyed by the Tsar and the unceasing "removal" of his ministers seems at first remarkable; but this security results entirely from the fact that Nicholas II leads the life of a recluse, and never announces his movements in advance, whereas ministers, generals, and governors must attend councils and receive their subordinates on days and in places known beforehand to everyone.

As the business of the okhrana is to prevent terrorist outrages and to check revolutionary propaganda, and as it fails signally in this, it may be concluded that

it is not very efficient. Brain against brain, indeed, the average Russian detective is no match for his adversaries; and backed though he is by the whole machinery of government and by endless resources, he is more often than not evaded or foiled. The cause is simple. The men who throw bombs and plot military mutinies come from the ablest and best educated class in Russia. The universities turn out conspirators by the hundred; and well-educated, sharp-witted girls from the women's high schools matched against government spies are as artists compared with artisans. The rank and file of the okhrana receive from seventy to one hundred rubles a month, and the "shtatniye," or permanent members of the force, are granted small pensions after twenty-five years' service. This is high pay for Russia; but the brains of the empire are, and always will be, in the revolution.

In addition to its regular staff, the okhrana employs temporarily a large number of "neshtatniye" detectives; and, finally, there are thousands of irregular detectives and spies who sell occasional information to the police. These men are paid by results, but their work is often merely a trap for the authorities, who every day learn of imaginary, or much-exaggerated, plots. This work is particularly risky, as the terrorists never forgive amateur intermeddlers. During the rebellion in Moscow last Christmas, a case occurred which illustrates this. A glazier informed the police of the location of the chief store of arms in the south of the city. The police rewarded him with one hundred rubles. He complained to Admiral Doubassoff, governor of the city, who ordered him to be paid nine hundred rubles more. The informant, however, did not come for the money; and on the police calling at his house they found him, his wife, and his son dead, murdered by the revolutionists he had betrayed.

A spy alive and still in the service of the okhrana is a mere cipher, without individuality, name, or history; and all stories purporting to give names and facts from the careers of okhrana men in active service

"BEFORE THE SEARCH." FROM KALINITCHENKO'S PAINTING, THE REPRODUCTION OF WHICH IS PROHIBITED IN RUSSIA

are more or less inventions. The okhrana and its members are kept in black mystery, for the good reason that when once a member becomes known he loses his value. The present chief of the St. Petersburg okhrana, Colonel Gerasuimovitch, is said to be the only living man who knows who the spies are and what they are doing; and the work of the department is so organized that few okhrana men know one another. At the St. Petersburg okhrana bureau, the ablest detectives wait for audience in separate small anterooms, and leave their chief's cabinet by a different door from that through which they enter. An okhrana man is not allowed to be photographed save for official purposes. The men, in fact, know so little that when guarding important officials they constantly arrest one another as "suspicious individuals," and not until he is actually arrested may one man reveal to another that he is a detective. The veil is lifted only when a member dies, and even then only when he leaves memoirs or confessions.

Drawn by Edwin F. Bayha

A RUSSIAN POLICE OFFICER

Judged by the little that has transpired, service in the okhrana is dull and unexciting compared with the revelations of novelists who have never been in Russia. Black-eyed princesses named Olga and Natalia, in reality, seldom act as spies; executions of traitors take place seldom, though, as the cases of Gapon and the Moscow glazier show, they do occur; and very few spies are the combination of cunning and worldly good-breeding they are painted. But the adventures of a few Russian spies transcend the wildest imaginings of romancers.

In Moscow, in 1899, died a man who, in the course of thirty years, betrayed conspirators to the police and police to the conspirators. He cheated and tricked both sides impartially, yet he expired peacefully in a suburban lodging. This man, Gabriel Kabanoff, was probably the cleverest spy Russia has produced. He was an astonishing linguist, a bit of a philosopher, a painter, a sportsman, and in manners and knowledge of the world the equal of anyone. But his incurable spendthrift habits, his hatred of work and love of excitement, and the continual need for money for himself and for the numerous women he supported in every big European capital prevented him from attaining real eminence in the government service, and led him to be repeatedly faithless to his employers whether governmental or nihilistic. But he differed from most double-faced spies: he never sold false information.

Kabanoff's tactics were his own. Nihilism, now extinct, was then the prevalent political philosophy of the malcontents; and whereas the revolutionary movement of to-day is democratic and comparatively poor, the nihilists of the Seventies and Eighties were few in number, often of aristocratic origin, and rich. Kabanoff used the large subsidies he received from the then-existing Third Division to pose as a wealthy sympathizer. Having obtained information as to conspiracies, he at once betrayed the plotters to the police. As

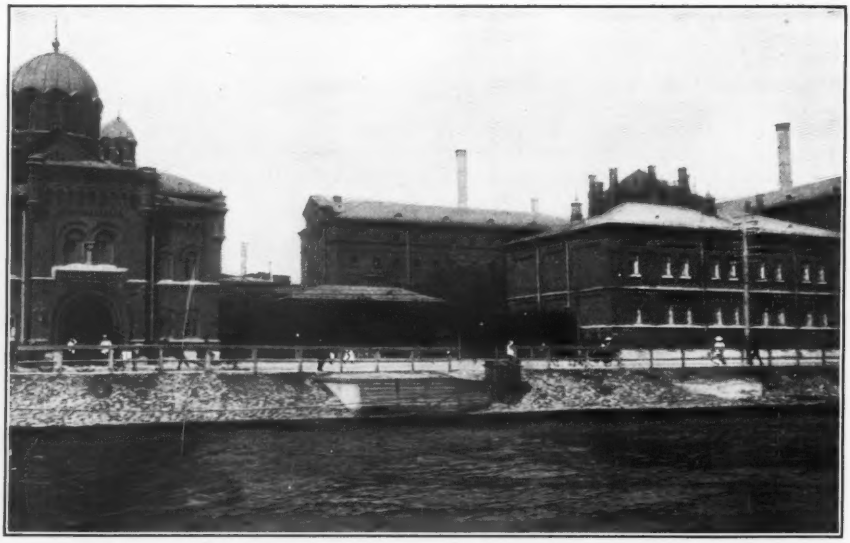
further clues for his work, the police entrusted him with documents they had seized; and then, armed with nihilist passwords, ciphers, and lists of addresses, Kabanoff approached wealthy sympathizers with nihilism, secured grants, which he pocketed, and inveigled them into plots; after which he pretended that he was arrested, and warned them that they would share the same fate unless they sent money to such and such a detective, the detective being Kabanoff himself. On one occasion he frightened a Moscow cotton-spinner out of one hundred thousand rubles by this means. For tracking a plot to kill the governor of Warsaw, he received two thousand rubles from the Ministry of the Interior. The plot was a fact, but Kabanoff so contrived his revelations that only the subordinate plotters were seized, while the leaders escaped abroad by paying him an enormous sum for bribery of police and frontier officials.

Drawn by Edwin F. Bayha

A RUSSIAN GENDARME

Kabanoff affirmed that his real sympathies were with revolutionary nihilism; but his expensive habits made him a danger to everyone he knew. He had an extraordinary collection of disguises, was known everywhere by a different name, and could speak Russian with half a dozen different accents. He boasted that he could deceive a Frenchman into swearing that he came from Paris, from Bordeaux, or from Brittany, as he desired; and that he had lived as a Swiss-German at Zurich for two years without being found out. The Third Division never suspected his double-dealing, and as the nihilists had then practically no central organization he betrayed them in many different centers with impunity.

Men of the Kabanoff type are usually on the side of the terrorists nowadays. The average okhrana man has so little resource that a short experience enables anyone to pick him out at sight. The spy's manner of introducing himself to suspected men gives him away; and he often spends a whole day following innocent persons, or guilty persons who, knowing that he is a spy, persistently baffle him. A Russian friend of mine who, in return to a palace spy's remark, "It is a fine day," replied humorously but mysteriously, "Not fine enough for my purpose," was followed last winter all over Tsarskoe-Selo, and, much to his amusement, accompanied in the train to St. Petersburg. The real bomb-throwing terrorist never looks "suspicious." The best government detectives come, in fact, from the revolutionary ranks, for many terrorists, though they never betray their comrades, change their political opinions and gradually drift into the secret service. The terrorists affirm that young men who at first show exceptional enthusiasm in the cause most often end by forsaking it; and they shun such recruits accordingly. Of all Russian physical-force parties, the Social-Revolutionaries suffer most in this way, for in their so-called "boevuiya druzhini," or fighting bands, are many youthful enthusiasts, often little more



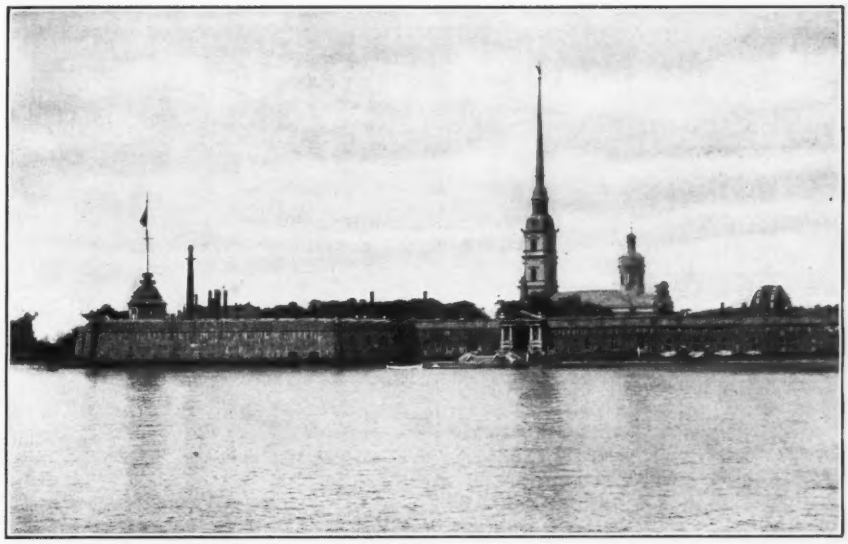
THE KHRESTI PRISON, ON THE BANKS OF THE NEVA, ST. PETERSBURG, WHERE MOST POLITICAL PRISONERS ARE KEPT BEFORE TRIAL

than schoolboys, who are continually repenting and making confessions to the okhrana.

The gendarmerie, called officially "The Separate Corps of Gendarmes," is the executive arm of the okhrana. Upon this corps falls most of the arresting, searching, and domiciliary visiting, although the rôles of the two organizations are often reversed, gendarmes engaging in espionage, while arresting and searching are repeatedly carried out by plain-clothes men. The manner of a domiciliary visit and arrest is simple. According to law, the raiders must produce the prefect's or governor's warrant authorizing the search and arrest also if arms or incriminating papers are discovered. In nine cases out of ten this regulation is ignored. "This is our warrant," say the raiders, producing their revolvers. The law providing that the warrant shall state the cause of arrest is also violated; if any warrant is produced at all, it contains the humorous formula, "to provisionally arrest N—— until the cause of arrest is made clear." Armed with this warrant or not, but always armed with revolvers, the raiders knock imperatively at the victim's door, break it in if it is not at once opened, open desk, drawers, and cupboards, and, having seized everything incriminating, conclude by arresting the resident. Often the gendarmes bring in from the street a passer-by, as a witness to the legality of their methods, but usually they satisfy themselves with the "dvornik" or yard-keeper, who is himself a police agent. Where women are concerned, the law requires the attendance of a woman. Sometimes female members of the okhrana, so-called "nurses," accompany the raiders; but this, like all regulations protecting the citizen, is often violated, and women are awakened at night and compelled to dress in the presence of male searchers.

When an arrest is complete, and all evidence carefully collected, the political prisoner is usually taken to the Khresti prison, or to the preliminary jail called, in local slang, "predvarilka." Important conspirators, however, are confined in the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress, the only prison in St. Petersburg which by the thickness of its walls makes intercommunication by tapping impossible.

Women are largely employed by the okhrana, but mostly as irregular members. The majority are paid by results. During his long term as prefect of Moscow, General Trepoff systematically favored women



THE FAMOUS FORTRESS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, NEAR ST. PETERSBURG, WHERE IMPORTANT POLITICAL PRISONERS ARE CONFINED

of bad character, and relieved them from restrictive regulation on the ground that they were the best friends of the existing régime. The St. Petersburg okhrana employs several hundred women spies, many of whom are well educated, personally attractive, and insinuating; and the careers of these women spies are invariably more interesting than those of male spies, the motive in their employment being to make use of romantic attachments and sentiments for political ends.

During Alexander III's reign, when both chivalrous devotion to the throne and revolutionary plotting were commoner among the aristocracy than they are today, many young women and girls of high position acted as amateur spies on behalf of the volunteer okhrana which then existed. This okhrana consisted of a group of hot-headed young nobles who pledged themselves to use terrorist methods against terrorists; but it effected little, and was long since dissolved. One of the most tragical incidents in its history, which has only lately come to light, involved the death by suicide of Mlle. Sophie Ruibakoff, the daughter of a general, a rich Moscow houseowner. Mlle. Ruibakoff, a girl of remarkable beauty and talent, though engaged to a young officer named Osipoff, used her spare time in charming out of others information as to the relations existing between a circle of "intellectual" nihilists in Moscow and the active nihilist bomb-throwers who were then terrorizing the autocracy. She obtained information proving that certain of these well-born intellectuals were aware of and had subsidized a complex plot against the Tsar. She informed the amateur okhrana, which in turn informed the police, who, instead of arresting at once, watched the development of the plot. Every movement of the conspirators was promptly reported. A night was appointed for wholesale arrest. After luncheon together on the fatal day, Osipoff called his fiancée aside and said:

"I know you are with our friends. You did not know I was with them. For your sake I have joined."

"You have joined in the plot to assassinate?"

"Well, I have given money, or rather I have put my name down. I promised one thousand rubles."

The girl said nothing more on the subject, but soon complained of faintness and left the room. A few minutes later she drove to the house of the director of

the conspiracy, and said to him: "I have information that *we* are to be arrested to-night. Burn all papers." "I have no papers," was the reply. "I gave them to N——, who left to-day for Kursk."

That night the bearer of the incriminating papers was arrested in the train. Osipoff's name was found on the list of subscribing conspirators. Next morning he was seized, and was never seen again. Mlle. Ruibakoff, mad with anguish and remorse, obtained an audience of Alexander III, told him that she had acted as spy in his interests, and swore, untruly, that Osipoff was also a spy. The Tsar refused to believe her, and replied, "I could not release him if I would." The unfortunate girl from this understood, and probably rightly, that her lover had been executed. She returned to Moscow, wrote a memorandum giving the above version of the affair, and opened a vein in her arm.

Many a professional woman spy has met with violent death at the hands of the man she attempted to betray. One of the numerous women with whom Father Gapon had romantic relations during his amazing career was not long ago found dead at Kief. The police concluded that, like her lover, she had been murdered by terrorists.

The Security Department employs a small number of foreigners, mostly abroad, where they help the numerous governmental spies in Paris, London, and the conspiratorial centers of Switzerland. A few, however, are in Russia, where the Frenchman or German who pretends not to speak Russian is occasionally necessary. At a little town on the Austrian frontier is a French spy who poses as an interpreter while he keeps an eye on returning Russians. He has repeatedly misled the okhrana by announcing imaginary arrivals. The return of the exile to Russia is, however, a serious reality in the revolutionary movement. After the liberty-promising manifesto of October 30, 1905, some three hundred exiles were allowed to return. The police opposed the amnesty, knowing that most of the exiles would immediately replunge into active conspiracy, and hundreds of okhrana men were detailed to watch their movements. The majority again "sit in jail," as the Russians express it, and others are for a second time exiles in Siberia.

"LET US SEE OUR FRIENDS!"—AN INCIDENT OF DAILY LIFE IN RUSSIA

"YOU WROTE THAT?" HE ASKED

The Longest Way Around

By Mary Wilhelmina Hastings

Illustrated by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

THE girl in the advertising department of the "Daily Record" looked up in amazement at the young reporter, then she read over the advertisement very carefully and aloud:

"WANTED: A young woman to eat Christmas dinner, at any place she may select, with a young man alone in the city. Must possess a refined bearing, a high-school education, and a sense of humor. Address Box 79, DAILY RECORD. Can furnish best references."

"Yes, that's it," said Channing calmly. "See that it goes in to-night's paper, please. Christmas is only five days off."

"Is it a joke?"

"It's an adventure." Channing smiled, the quick frank smile that with his close-cropped curls gave such an engaging air of youth to his face. It was one of his most valuable assets, this air of youth, though Channing never for a moment suspected that his success in obtaining photographs or interviews was due to anything but his masterly journalistic finesse.

"You mustn't say anything of this to the boys," he continued, as she filed the "ad" and made out his bill. "I don't want old Smith to hear of it. He was kind enough to ask me to dinner, but somehow that wasn't very—very convenient." He hesitated over the word, thinking of Smith's plump, assiduous sister. "So I told him I'd a previous engagement with a girl. Now I'm going to find her."

"What sort of a girl do you think would answer?" demanded Miss Erwin.

"I'm going to find out," he replied cheerfully.

Miss Erwin subtly amended the ques-

tion. "What would you think of a girl who did answer it?"

"Oh, that depends. If she was a nice girl, I'd think her so; if not——" He shrugged lightly. "Everything depends in this world. Theoretically, she'd be a bold young baggage, of course; but there's just a chance some modest young violet will rise to the occasion. You can never tell," he concluded sagely, "what the very nicest girl will do—on occasion."

Evidently the troubled waters of a great city had not yet quenched Channing's boyish thirst for adventure. This joke was the sort of lance that youth loves to break with life, and the girl behind the desk smiled out at him in sympathetic understanding.

"You'll probably get a lean old art student," she prophesied. "Why don't you stipulate for beauty?"

"Lord, they'd all claim it!"

"I'd like to see your answers."

"Oh, you shall," promised Channing; "that is, if there are any."

There was no question about there being any, however. When Channing investigated Box 79 next day, it seemed that Chicago sheltered innumerable young women desirous of sharing that Christmas dinner, all superlatively attractive, educated above the ordinary, endowed with every accomplishment under heaven, as well as the required humor, and of a refinement beyond description. Many of the answers were illiterate; many too inviting; nine-tenths patently impossible.

With one or two eliminations he carried the collection to Miss Erwin's desk the next noon hour, and she fell upon them with all the feminine zeal for exploration. Channing leaned against the desk, drawing little circles on her neat blotter—a thing that she abhorred, but against which she said nothing at all in reproof. One by one she laid the letters down in the same pile—the pile of the undeserving, Channing called it.

"Is that all?" she demanded disappointedly.

"Behold the possible tenth, the remnant of Israel that shall be saved!" He laid three more letters before her. One was on big gray paper in the typically bold script of the American girl. Miss Erwin took that first.

"My humor is vouched for in my answering this at all. The refinement of my bearing is apparent to the most casual observer, and my education I trust these few lines will bear in upon you. While not strikingly handsome, my bearing has not been found unpleasing. Frankly, I am alone in the city, and if you are the gentleman engaged on the humorous, if somewhat unconventional, quest that your advertisement suggests, I will meet you if you wish. Annie Wynne, General Delivery."

"That's rather possible, you know," commented Channing in tones of judicial care. "I should argue rather a merry, breezy individual, able to look after herself if need be—a brunette with a good deal of color, snappy eyes, and a touch of temper. Shall I take her?"

"If you like that kind." While not exactly cold, Miss Erwin's voice conveyed no palpable affinity for the brunette vision. She picked up the next, a little sheet of white note-paper.

"I am a girl earning my own living and living with relatives who are not congenial to me. I am not very pretty nor very clever, and I suppose I am not very refined or I would not be doing this; but there are times when I can't stand the routine of things any longer. There must be an adventure waiting somewhere, and I am ready to make a Christmas dinner with you that adventure. Ethel May, General Delivery."

"There is a discouraged girl," said Channing.

Miss Erwin studied the writing. "It sounds genuine," she admitted.

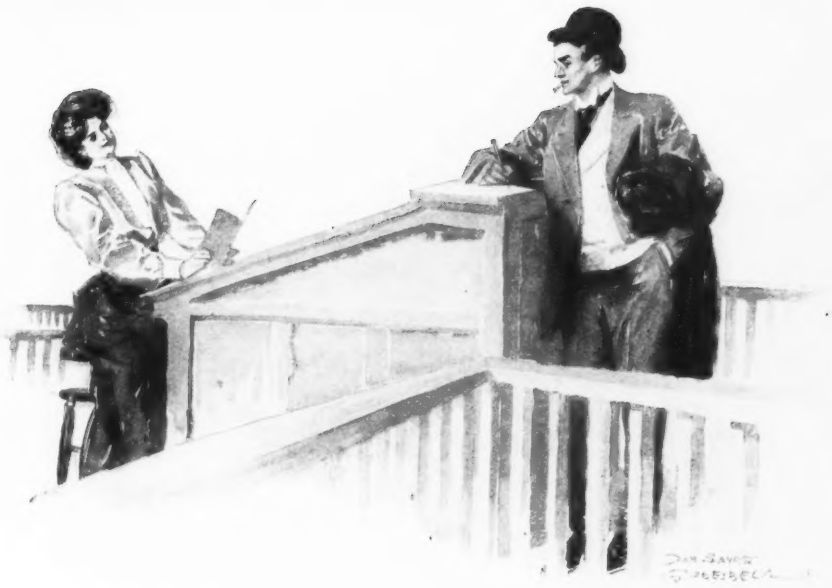
"It's uncommonly appealing." Channing was evidently forsaking the vivacious brunette. "That girl is a lady—shy and proud and a little *gauche* and colorless, but exquisitely sensitive. Things haven't gone right with her—you can see that."

"Do things ever go right with anybody?" murmured Miss Erwin, somewhat dryly. She was unfolding the third letter, on blue paper.

"My dear Mr. Channing: You see I know you, though you do not know me at all. But I can safely promise that I am all your advertisement asks, and I have a few graces in addition. If you want to know who I am and how I knew your 'ad,' you will have to give me that Christmas dinner. Mary Smith, General Delivery."

"There!" cried Channing. "What do you think of that? I believe you told somebody."

Miss Erwin met the accusation with eyes



MISS ERWIN MET THE ACCUSATION WITH EYES OF ANGELIC INNOCENCE

of angelic innocence. "I haven't told a soul," she vowed. "You must have done it yourself."

"You bet I haven't," he returned vigorously. He paused, lost in thought. "I can't very well refuse that dare."

"I suppose not. Curiosity, pity, adventure, which will win?" she murmured, putting the three letters together and handing them to him. She waited a moment, then, with friendly, impersonal interest, asked,

"Instead of all this, why don't you take some nice girl you know?"

"The girls you know, are they ever as alluring as the girls you don't know?" queried Channing gayly.

Miss Erwin impaled a clipping on a file with vicious force. "There is such a thing as a pig in a poke," she reminded him somewhat dryly, then her face cleared and she chuckled softly to herself over her work.

Channing put the three letters into his pocket, sweeping the others into the waste-basket, and went off, declaring he would sleep on his decision.

The next morning he passed her desk before the rush of the work was fairly begun. She glanced up, pen in hand.

"Well, which is it to be?"

"All three."

"All *three?*"

"That's it." Channing positively radiated satisfaction. "I began to feel that whichever way I decided I'd be cheating the other two out of a meal; and then, too, there is a wise saw against putting all your eggs in one basket. So I wrote the brunette of the gray note-paper to meet me Christmas at twelve on the Art Institute steps for a preliminary hearing. The girl of the white note-paper I have asked to meet me at twelve-fifteen before the statue of Joan of Arc—a high-school education ought to carry her as far as that—and the lady who knows me so well is to linger in the north gallery at twelve-thirty. Christmas is Sunday and a free day; hence my choice."

"Oh, I should *love* to be there," gasped Miss Erwin.

"It isn't probable that more than two will be there," pursued Channing modestly, undisturbed by her mirth. "If they both

suit, I'll take one then, and make a date with the other for the evening—eat *two* dinners if necessary!" he finished in a burst of sacrificial enthusiasm.

Miss Erwin suddenly buried her face in her hands, pink to the very roots of her dark hair, her shoulders shaking convulsively. It dawned on Channing that she was really a very jolly, natural girl, but he didn't see what on earth she was so amused about.

Christmas day dawned crisp and cold. Throughout the city men were at work clearing away the new-fallen snow, but on Michigan Avenue the lake-front lay yet undisturbed, glistening brightly in the sun. Trees and bushes were powdered with frozen snow and hung with delicate icicles glowing, prismatic-hued, in the light.

Channing strode briskly along the avenue. Directly before him lay the Art Institute, its broad gray masses lending themselves charmingly to large effects of light and shade. But Channing had no eye for architectural beauty at that moment. He was scanning the wide steps disgustedly enough, where no merry brunette met his expectant gaze.

He walked on as far as the auditorium and then back, but though it was fifteen minutes past the hour, the steps were still empty. Wasting no more time upon the elusive lady of the gray note-paper, whose advertised virtues evidently did not include punctuality, Channing entered the building to discover if the other two were as deficient. Within, on the stairs leading to an upper gallery, a pair of bright alert eyes were watching for him, but Channing saw them not at all; perhaps because their possessor, at his approach, shrank hurriedly out of sight.

Channing did not look up. He glanced again at his watch, straightened his tie, settled his coat collar, and with a vast assumption of nonchalance, strolled toward the statue of Joan of Arc. In front of the figure stood a young woman, her absorption apparently as profound as his own. In one correctly gloved hand she held a catalogue, and her eyes moved constantly from the face before her to the printed page, as if to verify her impressions.

Channing contemplated her back dubiously. It was a very properly gowned back of slender proportions, but there was a definite suggestion of erectness, not to say rigidity, about it that stayed his approach. Finally, coughing discreetly behind his hand like the veriest amateur, he stepped forward.

"I beg your pardon, but——"

The young woman turned. Her eyes wandered calmly over his face with no ray of understanding to illuminate her clear-cut features. She wore eye-glasses.

"I beg your pardon," he began again, "but aren't you expecting me?"

It was inanity itself, but mere masculinity could do no more in the glitter of those glasses.

"Do I look as if I expected you?" asked the spectacled person in zero accents.

"No," admitted Channing, with humility, "you do not." Then, unnecessarily enough, he continued to explain. "You see, I was to meet a girl here who wanted to go to dinner."

"I am not hungry," said the young woman, and turned her back on him and his explanations.

Channing fled into the north gallery and remained there for some time. Finally he emerged, still unaccompanied, and moved over to a strategic position near the stairs, gloomily surveying the deserted entrance. There was an ever-increasing rustle of silk behind him and the sound of descending footfalls. He turned to meet Miss Erwin.

"I couldn't stay away," she owned, laughing.

"It's mighty poor hunting. Did you see that?" Channing waved his hat eloquently in the direction of Joan of Arc.

Miss Erwin nodded, her eyes beaming with mischief. "It's not too late for the third," she told him consolingly.

"It's not too late for any of them according to a woman's idea of punctuality."

"Don't be scathing. At least *I* was on hand."

"You're a business woman and——"

"Business women don't count," she finished quickly.

"Nonsense! I meant they were different."

"I don't feel very different," she murmured quizzically. She did not look very different either; the out-of-doors had restored the rosiness that office work was sapping. Her dark hair was waved and a

scarlet toque, like a saucy winged bird, perched lightly upon it. It was very becoming. Channing did not remember having noticed her in a hat before.

The angular lady, who had moved from Joan to the kneeling Venus, crossed the building and raised cold, appraising eyes to the two at the stairs.

"She disapproves of me," said Miss Erwin with conviction. "She thinks I look as if I expected you."

Channing put his watch back into his pocket. "I refuse to linger on," he declared, with a lightness that could not entirely conceal a very natural chagrin. "The three fates have turned me down. If you'll permit me, I'll see you home."

Miss Erwin walked past the swinging doors before replying. Then she fixed her eyes thoughtfully upon the buildings opposite.

"My bearing, while not patrician," she murmured, in tones of pensive self-communion, " is not wholly uncultivated; my refinement——"

"Oh, I say!" Channing broke in with his merry, infectious laugh. "Will you eat that Christmas dinner? I thought you lived with your family, you know."

"My aunt," corrected Miss Erwin. "It's not just the same thing."

Nearly all the surrounding tables had changed occupants, but Miss Erwin and Channing lingered pleasantly on. Soft, blue smoke rings were floating lazily up over the young man's head, the comfort of an excellent dinner filled his soul with peace, and the glamour of the eternal feminine was gaining perceptibly upon his senses.

"Next time," said he, "we'll have a booth."

"Next Christmas?" smiled Miss Erwin.

"Next week."

"Oh!" Miss Erwin laughed mischievously. "Aren't you glad those girls didn't come?"

"I'm gratitude itself." He added, however, with sudden reflectiveness, "I wonder, though, why they didn't."

"Perchance one of them did."

"What!"

Channing's startled eyes sought her own in amazement; Channing's hand went slowly to his pocket and drew out three letters. From these he selected the one on blue stationery beginning, "My dear Mr. Channing."

"You wrote that?" he asked.

She clasped her hands in mock petition. "*Mea culpa.*"

"Ho, I knew it all along," he said triumphantly.

"You didn't have an inkling," she averred placidly. She hesitated, then reached across to the letter in gray paper. "And that," she said, "and that."

"But—but they're so different!" There was no mistaking Channing's astonishment now.

"I am different."

From sheer bewilderment he bent his head and perused both notes in silence. Miss Erwin occupied herself in crumbling a cracker most untidily upon the tablecloth, with surreptitious glances in his direction. She looked a little like a scared child, uncertain whether to expect praise or blame.

"'While not strikingly handsome, my bearing has not been found unpleasing,'" read Channing aloud from the gray note.

"Well," she bristled defiantly, "I didn't say I was a breezy brunette, you know, with snappy eyes and a good deal of color. You made that up yourself."

"Oh, you fraud, you fraud!" Channing was chuckling explosively. He picked up the white note. "'—but there are times when I can't stand the routine of things any longer. There must be an adventure waiting somewhere——'"

"Don't you dare laugh. That was genuine."

"And you sat there and let me——"

"Let you call me '*gauche* and colorless, but exquisitely sensitive'! Oh dear! oh dear! I feel somehow as if I'd cheated you." She added more soberly, after a pause, "but I haven't really. You picked out my notes yourself, and the others were simply rubbish. You couldn't have dined with one of them."

Her eyes were very bright and her cheeks were very pink, but that was not why Channing looked so long. A deeper charm drew him—the charm of fine intelligence and a brave spirit, and beneath all the merry comradeship a hint of something sweeter, truer yet.

"Ah, well," said he enigmatically enough, as he pocketed the three notes with elaborate, ostentatious care, "the longest way around is occasionally the shortest way home."

Weyerhaeuser—Richer than John D. Rockefeller

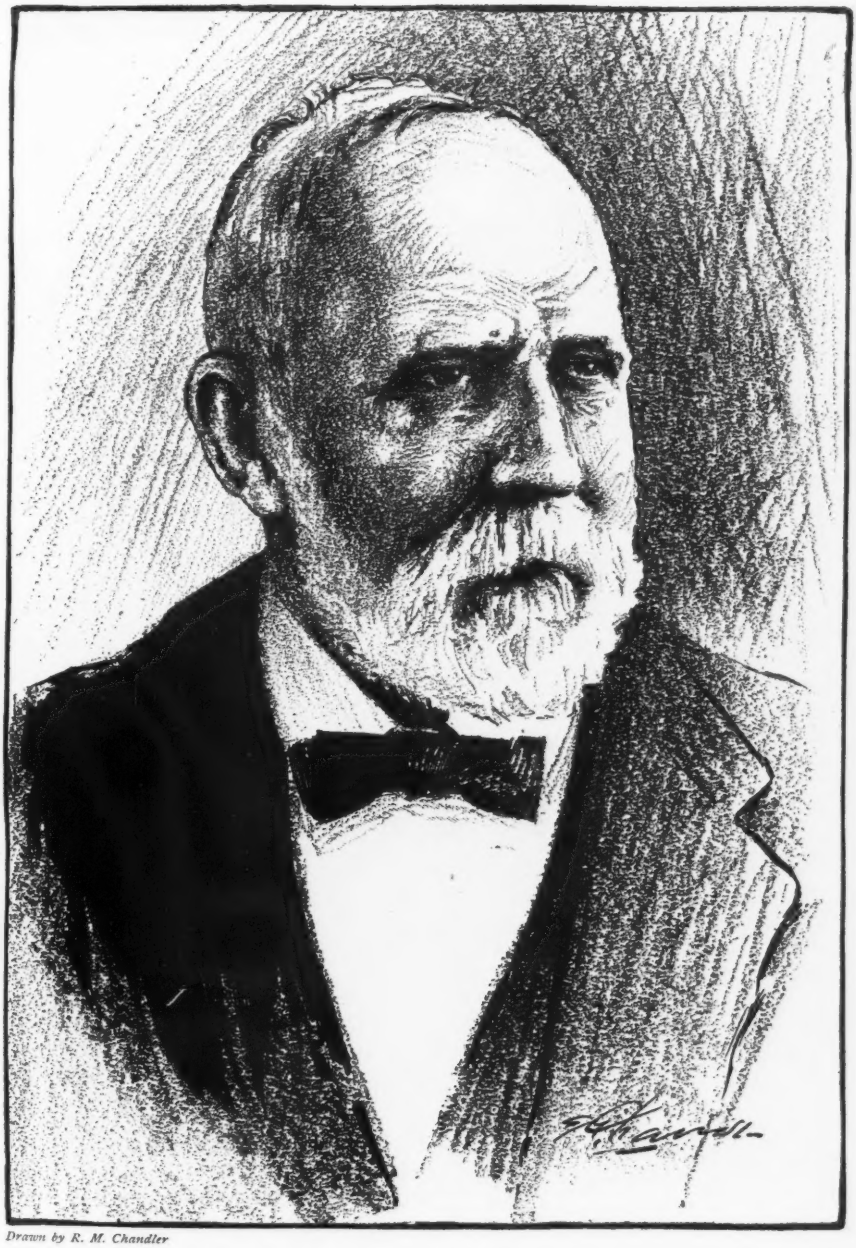
THOUGH PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN, FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER, LUMBER KING, RECLUSE, AND LAND-GRABBER, IS LORD OVER BILLIONS IN VAST FOREST TRACTS IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST

By Charles P. Norcross

That a comparatively obscure man possessing properties worth billions of dollars should be living among us, silent, unobserved, and unexploited, is in itself an astonishing fact. That this excessively modest, not to say secretive, character, despite his widespread dealings, has managed to keep out of the lime-light of publicity is well-nigh a miracle. But the Cosmopolitan has uncovered him, and through its investigator, Mr. Charles P. Norcross, gives to the world in the following article a complete exposition of this remarkable person, the story of his slow but certain accumulation of a gigantic fortune, and the national crime which made the Weyerhaeuser billions possible.—Editor's Note.

FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER! The name conveys no meaning to the average reader. Even in his home town few know him. He never attends public meetings. He shuns society. His home is quiet and not out of the ordinary. Yet Weyerhaeuser, timber king and recluse, is lord of millions of far-flung timber lands, with a fortune that overshadows that of John D. Rockefeller, popularly believed to be the richest man in the United States, if not in the whole world. As silently and as patiently as one of the giant trees on his land grew to its majestic maturity, Weyerhaeuser has grown. He is master of vast reaches of wonderful forests extending from the cluttered drives of Wisconsin lakes and rivers to the Pacific Coast. He has behind him fifty years of unremitting toil along lines of telling organization. Patient, shrewd, and far-seeing, he has given his life to bringing underneath his dominion the great forest tracts of the Northwest.

It seems astounding that such an enormous accumulation could be effected without the whole world knowing it; but Weyerhaeuser is a man of mystery. To his intimates he is known as a man of enormous fortune, and by the general public hearing of him in a desultory way he is popularly credited with great wealth; but all estimates fall far short of the reality. Weyerhaeuser makes no boast of his wealth. He shuns publicity. The spectacular pleasures of the ordinary millionaire have no fascination for him. He moves along in the same well-ordered groove, with the same ways of enjoyment, that he followed forty years ago. He is essentially a worker, but he works in the dark. He is a man of a thousand partners. His hand reaches the uttermost recesses of the wilds of the Northwest, and the highest mountain peaks are spots from which he could unfurl his banner to the air if he desired. Secrecy is his hobby. One partner has no idea of what his relations with another partner are. His business is one of magnificent distances. His great wealth is in forests, and he seems to have acquired some of the impenetrability and brooding silence that are characteristic of them. There are many men rich through lumber traffic, but Weyerhaeuser is king of them all. When any knotty problem arises, when there is any complication in the trade, or any question of moment to be settled, it is to



Drawn by R. M. Chandler

FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER, WHOSE WEALTH IS MILLIONS MORE THAN THAT OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, AND WHOSE VAST FORTUNE HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE BY A GREAT NATIONAL CRIME

Weyerhaeuser the lumbermen turn, and his decision is final and binding.

Weyerhaeuser's wealth and opportunity grew out of a national crime. One of the most wanton wrongs ever committed in this country has been the spendthrift waste of forests. It was only recently that the nation awoke to the vandalism that has been going on unhindered for years, and began the work of establishing forest reserves. Weyerhaeuser, born in a land where forestry is an exact science, realized that the methods in vogue, if left unchecked, would in time exhaust even the prodigal wealth of the land and bring on a timber famine that would cause forest lands to appreciate in value. Fifty years ago he started in to acquire timber tracts, and he has followed that policy without deviation. As shrewdly as the first Astor sought out and accumulated New York city property, Weyerhaeuser has sought out and secured the best of timber properties.

There is nothing in this country growing in value by leaps and bounds like timber properties. The pinch is coming. The prodigal waste of years is creating a paucity of desirable timber tracts. The famine isn't much yet; but in time, possibly within the next score of years, according to well-informed lumbermen, the real supply will be greatly diminished and prices will soar even more than they have in the last ten years. Weyerhaeuser is beginning to reap the fruits of his foresight. If he lives twenty years longer and retains what he has to-day, he will be wealthy beyond all computation. It is hardly necessary to be specific as to the increase in the value of timber lands, but just a couple of cases may be cited as instances, and for these cases John G. Staats, editor of the "Lumberman's Review," and one of the best informed lumber experts in the country, is authority.

According to Mr. Staats, one piece of yellow-pine land, held ten years ago at a price of seventy-five thousand dollars, is to-day unobtainable at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Another tract in West Virginia, covered with spruce and hemlock, and purchased five years ago for twelve thousand dollars, has recently been sold for five hundred thousand dollars. The cases might be continued indefinitely, but these two are cited simply to show the way the timber tracts have increased in value. They are in no way remarkable. Hundreds of others just as impressive could be given.

The question naturally arises as to how much timber land Weyerhaeuser owns. He won't tell, and even his closest lieutenants admit that they can only speculate. There are fifty thousand square miles of timber land in the state of Washington alone — thirty-two million acres. Pretty much everything outside of the government forest reserve is tributary to Weyerhaeuser. He may not own it, his name may not appear as record anywhere, but it is under his domination. Such is true of Oregon's great forest lands also. In the territory around Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Mississippi River district, he has reigned for years undisputed. It is estimated by those who have studied Weyerhaeuser's widespread business interests that fully thirty million acres of timber land are under his control—fifty thousand square miles, an area six times as large as the state of New Jersey. As to value, again one must speculate. It may be cited that recently the Weyerhaeuser interests sold one square mile in Thurston County, Washington, for seventy-six thousand dollars—an average of nearly one hundred and twenty dollars an acre. Of course that was cream. It would be safe to say, however, that the land is worth close to a billion dollars—and it is increasing in value at a greater rate than any other public utility.

How did Weyerhaeuser acquire all this land? The whole life of the man must be considered for the answer. A passion for lumber land has been his all his life. Perhaps it is well to take his history step by step.

Weyerhaeuser is of German birth. Born at Neidersaulheim in southern Germany in 1834, he tilled the vineyard on the farm until eighteen years of age. In 1852 he decided to emigrate to America. He brought his mother and sisters with him, and they went first to Erie, Pennsylvania. Four years later he left Erie and went to Rock Island, Illinois. He secured work in a sawmill, and within six months was manager of the plant. He became acquainted with F. C. A. Denckman, a compatriot, while they were courting sisters. Both were thrifty, industrious, hon-

est, and obliging. When the sawmill owners wanted to sell, they agreed to take the notes of the young Germans, who thus formed a partnership. Weyerhaeuser, the outside man, went north to investigate the lumber lands of Wisconsin. He saw all around him the lavish waste of timber, and it struck to his saving soul. In 1864 the firm had laid aside enough money to make its initial investment. Chippewa land was bought for almost a song. They acquired more land, and soon additional sawmills were started, and the partners were on the highroad to prosperity. It was in 1872 that Weyerhaeuser began to branch out and started in to create the indefinite, all-powerful organization which has become known as the "Weyerhaeuser syndicate." Weyerhaeuser was elected president of the Mississippi River Boom and Logging Company. This has always remained the central or governing body in his known transactions, and its ramifications reach every lumber camp in the Northwest. Just about this time he paid two million dollars for the great lumber plant of the C. N. Nelson Company, at Colquet, with six hundred million feet of standing timber.

Step by step the business grew. Weyerhaeuser formed new partnerships. He bought more lands. He stretched out farther, and the annual cut ran over a billion feet. As his business grew his secretiveness grew. He had many partners, but none to whom he told all his business. To-day everything in the Mississippi River lumber district is owned by him. Some of the powerful companies under his control may be named as follows: Atwood Lumber Company, Rutledge Lumber Company, Mississippi River Logging Company, Mississippi River Boom and Logging Company, Northland Pine Company, Pine Tree Lumber Company, Chippewa Valley Logging Company, Musser-Sauntry Company, Weyerhaeuser & Denckman, Colquet Lumber Company, North Wisconsin Lumber Company, Bonner's Ferry Lumber Company, and Superior Timber Company.

Quite a formidable list, but far from complete. The Mississippi River Boom and Logging Company is the central cog in the machinery. All the companies operating on the Mississippi River waters take an interest in this main company, which owns the booms on the river, does all the logging and driving, and apportions out the logs to the various mills along the river, fixing the price of logs each season. All the subsidiary companies are controlled by Weyerhaeuser, who has a different partner at each place.

With the recent revelations as to graft and the illegal methods used by various "captains of industry" to achieve their eminence in the world of commerce, one naturally wants to know whether Weyerhaeuser and his associates have created this giant industry, organized this great trust, and builded this monumental fortune with clean hands. Unfortunately not. Weyerhaeuser and his associates have done their part, just as Mitchell and many other men in the Northwest did their part, in securing lands fraudulently. The game of homesteading and getting government land by fraud was just as familiar to the Weyerhaeuser interests as to others. Possibly Weyerhaeuser never personally conducted any of these illegal operations, but hundreds of thousands of acres taken in by his companies for timber purposes were stolen under the old and well-known formula. It is hardly worth while discussing this, since the same practices for which Francis J. Heney is securing convictions in Oregon were practiced by the Weyerhaeuser clique. It is necessary to record, however, one of the most stupendous steals ever engineered in this country. It was done legally; there is no redress. It was the looting of the United States government of lands worth probably one hundred millions of dollars. The scheme was engineered for the benefit of the Weyerhaeuser companies, and while others made millions the Weyerhaeuser interests probably benefited more than anyone else.

Prior to 1897, access to the public lands of the United States was limited to the actual settler, who could go in and acquire one hundred and sixty acres (a quarter-section) of land under the homestead act. In that year the so-called "lieu selection act" was passed. The vicious details of that measure will be set forth later. At that time the once enormous timber resources of the Middle West, and more particularly the timber tracts of Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and the Mississippi River section, where the Weyerhaeuser companies were operating, had been prac-

tically exhausted. The Weyerhaeuser people were casting about for other lands. The South and East offered no real relief. True, the great fields of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana were practically untouched, but there was no legal method of reaching the timber. It was the property of the United States and was reserved for the actual settler. It was true that in a small way, by subterfuge and by employing the make-believe settler, the companies had secured some land; but this method was slow and unsatisfactory. It was criminal as well, and laid all participants liable to arrest and imprisonment. The government was active, as the Heney cases show.

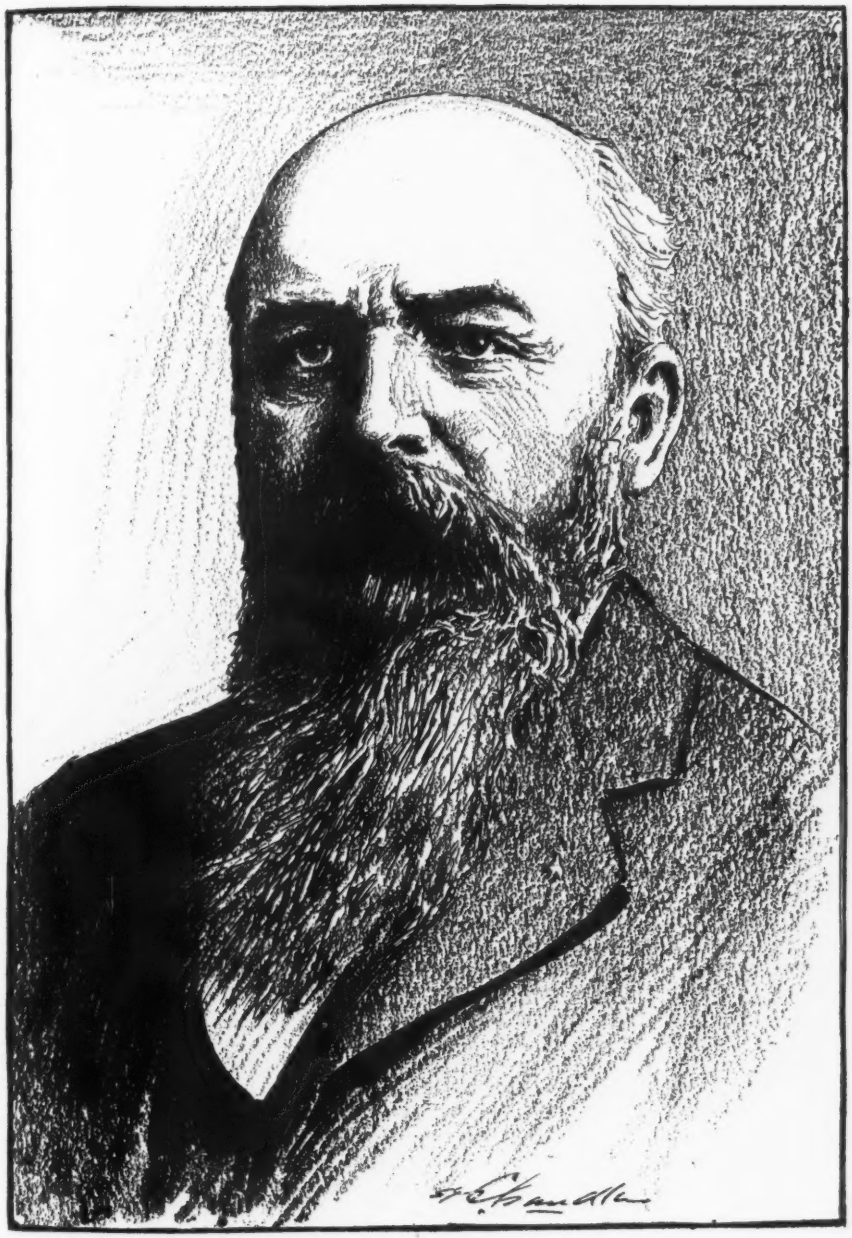
The government could not sell or apportion any of these lands, and it was a settled policy to hold them. They included millions of acres of the finest timber in the world. The average cut an acre was enormous and much in excess of the cut of any other known timber tracts. The best of it would cut, at a minimum, thirty thousand feet an acre, and some cuts would run as high as fifty thousand feet an acre. The timber was of the best, consisting largely of redwood, Oregon fir, white pine, and spruce. Most of it was easily accessible and all of it could be reached. It was practically all in moist regions, free from fire dangers, and when there were fires the timber could be cut out afterward at a comparatively small loss. For years the eyes of the lumbermen had been on this section and they had schemed without avail until the 1897 session of Congress, when a way was found to get into the land.

In the closing hours of the session of 1897, an item appropriating a small sum for the preservation of forests was introduced and passed. Following it in the bill came the provision:

"That in cases in which a tract covered by an unperfected *bona-fide* claim or by a patent is included within the limits of a public forest reserve, the settler or owner thereof may, if he desires to do so, relinquish the tract to the government, and in lieu thereof select a tract of vacant land open to settlement, not exceeding in area the tract covered by the claim or patent, and no charge shall be made in these cases for the making of the entry of record or issuing the patent to cover the tract selected."

This looked like an innocent proposition, and it is possible that the committee that indorsed it and the Congress that passed it were ignorant of its vicious features. It was apparently an act to relieve a poor homesteader cut off by forest reservation definitions. It may be of interest to know that the forest lieu selection clause was fathered by Senator Pettigrew and was put on as a rider to the sundry civil bill in the Senate, after the bill had come from the House. It was passed with consummate ease. Pettigrew subsequently led a fight to repeal the measure, and said that its intent and purpose had been diverted to make it a vehicle for looting the government of its best timber lands. It is significant that Cornelius N. Bliss was then secretary of the interior and urged the clause. Bliss has since been pretty well illuminated in the insurance cases. He was then, as always, a corporation and railroad man. Allison, Hill, and Gorman were the senators on the committee that passed the bill. It has been charged, and circumstances lend plausibility to the charge, that the scheme was concocted in the land office of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company in St. Paul, and for the benefit of the Weyerhaeuser interests. It may be recorded in passing that when Congress realized what abuses were enacted under this apparently innocent act it was repealed in 1904; but the damage had been done.

The joker came in this wise: At different times, and in order to aid in the construction of transcontinental railroads, Congress made land grants to the roads. The Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Atlantic and Pacific (now the Santa Fé) were the beneficiaries. These grants carried with them millions of acres, taking in as they did every alternate section of six hundred and forty acres on both sides of the tracks for a distance of twenty miles. When this act was passed in 1897, the land which had been used to finance the railroads had largely passed out of their hands and there remained only, generally speaking, worthless or denuded lands. There were, however (and here the whole scheme stands revealed), somewhat less than four million acres of these worthless or denuded lands owned by the companies in the year 1897 which had been caught within the confines of government forest reserves. As soon



Drawn by R. M. Chandler

ROBERT L. McCORMICK, THE SUAVE HANDYMAN AND GENERAL FINANCIAL AND POLITICAL AGENT OF THE WEYERHAEUSER INTERESTS—HE IS THE ONLY MAN IN WHOM WEYERHAEUSER HAS IMPLICIT CONFIDENCE

as the law passed, the railroads proceeded promptly to exchange out these worthless lands for the finest timber lands the government owned. The total amount owned within forest reservations by the land-grant roads was:

Santa Fé	1,368,960
Southern Pacific	543,000
Northern Pacific	1,401,000

There were other subsidiary companies of the railroads, such as the Aztec Land and Cattle Company (the Seligmans), which owned one hundred and thirty-two thousand acres, owning thousands enough to bring the grand total close to four millions of acres. The Santa Fé was a laggard in the deal, and it is surmised that they did not tumble to what was going on until some time after the act was passed. There was nothing dense about the Northern Pacific, however, and scarcely was the law passed before they were into the wonderful forests of the Northwest like hungry wolves.

This process of exchanging worthless or denuded lands lying within forest reserves for valuable lands heavily timbered involved Mt. Rainier, the majestic and snow-capped mountain that towers over Tacoma. This is perhaps the most picturesque and superb peak in America. It was included in the original grant to the Northern Pacific. When the chance to exchange out came along, the railroad men and their timber allies were not actuated by any love for the beautiful. In a matter-of-fact manner, with a sordid commercialism characteristic of all their operations, they handed over beautiful Mt. Rainier, and took in its place an equal area of timber land which they could cut into and turn into dollars.

It was the Northern Pacific that turned the trick, but it was Weyerhaeuser who was to benefit. For the last thirty years Weyerhaeuser has been practically the timber agent of the Northern Pacific, and also of the Great Northern. A whole story might be written about the deals by which the spoilers, in the guise of the railroads, secured these valuable lands from the government. Then a sequel might be written showing the spoliation of the spoilers. The officers of the Northern Pacific, working through the Weyerhaeuser timber companies, sold great tracts of these rich lands to the Weyerhaeuser syndicate for a song. Six dollars an acre is said to have been the ruling price. R. L. McCormick, the Weyerhaeuser agent in Tacoma, Washington, admits that that is what the company paid for one million acres of Northern Pacific land lying west of the Cascades. It was one quarter-section out of this lot, the one hundred and sixty acres referred to earlier, that sold for seventy-six thousand dollars—a profit of two thousand per cent. in a few short years.

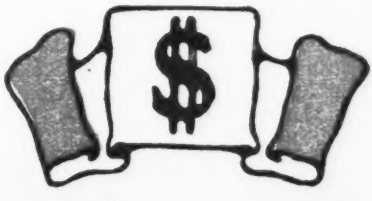
This shrewd deal, whereby Weyerhaeuser got the richest timber lands in the world at practically no cost and without the slightest danger to anyone, turned the attention of the syndicate to the Northwest, and having gobbled up everything in the Mississippi River district, the same machinery that had worked so effectively there was put in operation in the West. For some time Weyerhaeuser had been buying, trading, and by other means taking over lands in the Northwest. It was in 1900 that a big splurge was made. All of the Northern Pacific land west of the Cascades, something over a million acres, was taken at a flat rate of six dollars an acre. According to well-informed men dealing in lumber on the Coast, there is already a profit of twenty millions in that one deal. Weyerhaeuser opened headquarters in Tacoma, Washington. Here, as was the case in the Mississippi River district, unostentation was the rule. An office was secured in a quiet little red brick house downtown, overlooking the Sound, and R. L. McCormick, a partner of many years' standing, and the man Weyerhaeuser trusts probably more than anyone else, was sent to the Coast to handle the business. McCormick is a big, impressive-looking man, with weight and dignity. He is the dynamo of the Weyerhaeuser machine. Suave, cool, imposing, he is the polished politician of that group of land-grabbing, forest-destroying dollar hunters. He poses as a philanthropist and public-spirited citizen. He ran for mayor of Tacoma, and, if current gossip is true, was beaten because he was so close to James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, and Weyerhaeuser. Harriman is said to have feared for his interests if McCormick won in Tacoma, and at the last hour he went in and defeated him. Whether this is true or not, McCormick is there in charge of

the Weyerhaeuser interests, and he is the keenest lumberman in the West. He has been quietly, for the last five years, shaping up the Weyerhaeuser interests, and to-day the dominion is as complete as it has been for years on the Mississippi.

Another of the methods used by the Weyerhaeuser interests to secure land is of so recent date that there is every possibility that it may yet be officially investigated; in this instance, as in others, it brought about the turning over by the government to the Weyerhaeuser people of an enormous tract of rich and valuable land. Somewhere back in the fifties the state of Oregon granted to the California and Oregon Land Company a large tract of land lying between Eugene, Oregon, and Silver City, California. This grant was made for a turnpike road. Much of the land is worthless now, and the road is practically unused; still there are parts of it heavily timbered. The establishment of the Klamath forest reservation by the government took in eight hundred thousand acres of this land. It may seem strange, but by some mysterious means these eight hundred thousand acres drifted into the hands of one man. He gave an option on the whole thing to O. O. Searle, of Minneapolis, at an upset price of one million dollars, or one dollar and a quarter an acre. Searle, who is in business with A. E. Johnson & Co., of Minneapolis, entered into negotiations with the Weyerhaeuser syndicate to buy the land. They held off, and never did act through Searle, but going behind his back they secured it in another way. It is safe to assume that they did not pay more than Searle asked.

It may be merely a coincidence, but soon after this tract of land had passed into the hands of the Weyerhaeuser crowd, Senator Fulton, of Oregon (whose name has from time to time been mentioned in connection with that of the late Senator Mitchell, who, convicted of land frauds, died suddenly), introduced a resolution as an amendment to the Indian appropriation bill authorizing the land company to exchange one hundred and eleven thousand acres of its land inside the Klamath reservation for eighty-seven thousand acres in one compact area. Aside from this, the company was given the right to construct mills, put up power-plants, build railroads, dams, and reservoirs and other necessary plants. It was a beautiful scheme. The land exchanged is worthless sage or alkali land, scattered and detached. For it the company gets a compact area of eighty-seven thousand acres, with the rights mentioned. The land exchanged was probably not worth a dollar an acre, while the eighty-seven thousand acres secured are worth probably $3,200,000, or a profit of over three millions. Aside from this, the syndicate has nearly seven hundred thousand acres left in the tract, and there stand upon it five billion feet of timber of the finest quality. The land exchanged was the worthless part.

Anyone trying to write of the machinations of the lumbermen in the Northwest stands appalled at their magnitude. The facts cited are set forth only as high-lights to illuminate what has been going on. They may in a way tend to prove how these gigantic combinations have been effected, how the syndicate converted to its own use the millions of acres with the billions of value which rightfully belong to the people, and how the colossal Weyerhaeuser fortune was built up. Behind it all stands the old man in St. Paul, quaint in his moods, somewhat broken in speech, kindly in manner, who, fifty years ago, came here from a foreign land to carve out his fortune, an achievement in which he has succeeded far beyond the dreams of avarice.



"YES, SAILORMEN GET ILL SOMETIMES"

A Circular Tour

By W. W. Jacobs

Illustrated by WILL OWEN

"ILLNESS?" said the night-watchman slowly. "Yes, sailormen get ill sometimes, but not 'aving the time for it that other people 'ave, and there being no doctors at sea, they soon pick up again. Ashore, if a man's ill 'e goes to a 'orsepittle and 'as a nice nurse to wait on 'im; at sea the mate comes down and tells 'im that there is nothing the matter with 'im, and asks 'im if 'e ain't ashamed of 'imself. The only man I ever knew that showed any feeling was one who 'ad been a doctor and 'ad gone to sea to better 'imself. 'E didn't believe in medicine; 'is idea was to cut things out, and 'e was so kind and tender, and so fond of 'is box of knives and saws, that you wouldn't 'a' thought anybody could 'ave 'ad the 'art to say no to 'im. But they did. I remember 'im getting up at four o'clock one morning to cut a man's leg off, and at ha'-past three the chap was sitting up aloft with four pairs o' trousers on and a marline-spike in 'is 'and.

"One chap I know, Joe Summers by name, got so sick o' work one v'y'ge that 'e went mad—not dangerous mad, mind you; just silly. One thing 'e did was to pretend that the skipper was 'is little boy, and foller 'im up unbeknown and pat 'is 'ead. At last, to pacify 'im, the old man pretended that 'e was 'is little boy, and a precious 'andful of a boy 'e was too, I can tell you. Fust of all 'e showed 'is father 'ow they wrestled at school, and arter that 'e showed 'im 'ow 'e 'arf killed another boy in fifteen rounds. Leastways 'e was going to, but

arter seven rounds Joe's madness left 'im all of a sudden and 'e was as right as ever 'e was.

"Sailormen are more frequent ill ashore than at sea; they've got more time for it, I s'pose. Old Sam Small, a man you may remember by name as a pal o' mine, got ill once, and, like most 'ealthy men who get a little something the matter with 'em, 'e made sure 'e was dying. 'E was sharing a bedroom with Ginger Dick and Peter Russet, at the time, and early one morning 'e woke up groaning with a chill or something which 'e couldn't account for, but which Ginger thought might 'a' been partly caused through 'im sleeping in the fireplace.

"'Is that you, Sam?' ses Ginger, waking up with the noise and rubbing his eyes. 'Wot's the matter?'

"'I'm dying,' ses Sam, with another awful groan. 'Good-by, Ginger.'

"'Goo'-by,' ses Ginger, turning over and falling fast asleep agin.

"Old Sam picked 'imself up arter two or three tries, and then 'e staggered over to Peter Russet's bed and sat on the foot of it, groaning, until Peter woke up very cross and tried to push 'im off with 'is feet.

"'I'm dying, Peter,' ses Sam, and 'e rolled over and buried 'is face in the bedclo'es and kicked. Peter Russet, who was a bit scared, sat up in bed and called for Ginger, and arter 'e 'ad called pretty near a dozen times Ginger 'arf woke up and asked 'im wot was the matter.

"'Poor old Sam's dying,' ses Peter.

"'I know,' ses Ginger, laying down and cuddling into the piller agin. ''E told me just now. I've bid 'im good-by.'

"Peter Russet asked 'im where his 'art was, but Ginger was asleep agin. Then Peter sat up in bed and tried to comfort Sam, and listened while 'e told 'im wot it felt like to die. How 'e was 'ot and cold all over, burning and shivering, with pains in 'is inside that 'e couldn't describe if 'e tried.

"'It'll soon be over, Sam,' ses Peter kindly, 'and all your troubles will be at an end. While me and Ginger are knocking about at sea trying to earn a crust o' bread to keep ourselves alive, you'll be quiet at peace.'

"Sam groaned. 'I don't like being too quiet,' he ses. 'I was always one for a bit o' fun —innercent fun.'

"Peter coughed.

"'You and Ginger 'ave been good pals,' ses Sam; 'it's 'ard to go and leave you.'

"'We've all got to go some time, Sam,' ses Peter, soothing-like. 'It's a wonder to me, with your 'abits, that you've lasted as long as you 'ave.'

"'My 'abits?' ses Sam, sitting up all of a sudden. 'Why, you monkey-faced son of a sea-cook, for two pins I'd chuck you out o' the winder.'

"'Don't talk like that on your deathbed,' ses Peter, very shocked.

"Sam was going to answer 'im sharp agin, but just then 'e got a pain which made 'im roll about on the bed and groan to such an extent that Ginger woke up agin and got out o' bed.

"'Poor old Sam!' 'e ses, walking across the room and looking at 'im. ''Ave you got any pain anywhere?'

"'*Pain?*' ses Sam. 'Pain? I'm a mass o' pains.'

"Sam and Peter looked at 'im and shook their 'eads, and then they went a little way off and talked about 'im in whispers.

"''E looks 'arf dead now,' ses Peter, coming back and staring at 'im. 'Let's take 'is clothes off, Ginger; it's more decent to die with 'em off.'

"'I think I'll 'ave a doctor,' ses Sam, in a faint voice.

"'You're past doctors, Sam,' ses Ginger kindly.

"'Better 'ave your last moments in peace,' ses Peter, 'and keep your money in your trouser pockets.'

"'You go and fetch a doctor, you murderers,' ses Sam, groaning, as Peter started to undress 'im. 'Go on, else I'll haunt you with my ghost.'

"Ginger tried to talk to 'im about the sin o' wasting money, but it was no good, and, arter telling Peter wot to do in case Sam died afore 'e come back, 'e went off. 'E was gone about 'arf an hour, and then 'e come back with a sandy-'aired young man with red eyelids and a black bag.

"'Am I dying, sir?' ses Sam, arter the doctor 'ad listened to 'is lungs and 'is 'art and prodded 'im all over.

"'We're all dying,' ses the doctor, 'only some of us'll go sooner than others.'

"'Will 'e last the day, sir?' ses Ginger.

"The doctor looked at Sam agin, and Sam 'eld 'is breath while 'e waited for 'im to answer. 'Yes,' ses the doctor at last, 'if

'e does just wot I tell 'im and takes the medicine I send 'im.'

"'E wasn't in the room 'arf an hour altogether, and 'e charged poor Sam a shilling; but wot 'urt Sam even more than that was to 'ear 'im go off downstairs whistling as cheerful as if there wasn't a dying man within a 'undred miles.

"Peter and Ginger Dick took turns to be with Sam that morning, but in the arternoon the landlady's mother, an old lady who was a most as fat as Sam 'imself, come up to look arter 'im a bit. She sat on a chair by the side of 'is bed and tried to amuse 'im by telling 'im of all the deathbeds she'd been at, and partikler of one man, the living image of Sam, who passed away in 'is sleep. It was past ten o'clock when Peter and Ginger came 'ome, but poor Sam was wide awake and sitting up in bed 'olding 'is eyes open with 'is fingers.

"Sam 'ad another shilling's worth the next day, and 'is medicine was changed for the worse. If anything, 'e seemed a trifle better, but the landlady's mother, wot came up to nurse 'im agin, said it was a bad sign, and that people often brightened up just afore the end. She asked 'im whether 'e'd got a fancy for any partikler spot to be buried in, and, talking about wot a lot o' people 'ad been buried alive, said she'd ask the doctor to cut Sam's 'ead off to prevent mistakes. She got quite annoyed with Sam for saying, supposing there *was* a mistake and 'e came round in the middle of it, how'd 'e feel, and said there was no satisfying some people, do wot you would.

"At the end o' six days Sam was still alive and losing a shilling a day, to say nothing of buying 'is own beef tea and such like. Ginger said it was fair 'ighway robbery, and tried to persuade Sam to go to a 'orsepittle, where 'e'd 'ave lovely nurses to wait on 'im 'and and foot, and wouldn't keep 'is best friends awake of a night making 'orrible noises.

"Sam didn't take kindly to the idea at fust, but as the doctor forbid 'im to get up, although 'e felt much better, and 'is money was wasting away, 'e gave way at last, and at seven o'clock one evening 'e sent Ginger off to fetch a cab to take 'im to the London 'Orsepittle. Sam said something about putting 'is clothes on, but Peter Russet said the 'orsepittle would be more likely to take 'im in if 'e went in the blanket and counterpane, and at last Sam gave way. Ginger and Peter 'elped 'im downstairs, and the cabman laid hold o' one end o' the blanket as they got to the street-door, under the idea that 'e was 'elping, and very near gave Sam another chill.

"'Keep your 'air on,' 'e ses, as Sam started on 'im. 'It'll be three-and-six for the fare, and I'll take the money now.'

"'You'll 'ave it when you get there,' ses Ginger.

"'I'll 'ave it now,' ses the cabman. 'I 'ad a fare die on the way once afore.'

"Ginger, who was minding Sam's money for 'im because there wasn't a pocket in the counterpane, paid 'im, and the cab started. It jolted and rattled over the stones, but Sam said the air was doing 'im good. 'E kept 'is pluck up until they got close to the 'orsepittle, and then 'e got nervous. And 'e got more nervous when the cabman got down off 'is box and put his 'ead in at the winder and spoke to 'im.

"'Ave you got any partikler fancy for the London 'Orsepittle?' he ses.

"'No,' ses Sam. 'Why?'

"'Well, I s'pose it don't matter, if wot your mate ses is true—that you're dying,' ses the cabman.

"'Wot d'ye mean?' ses Sam.

"'Nothing,' ses the cabman; 'only, fust and last, I s'pose I've driven five 'undred people to that 'orsepittle, and only one ever came out agin, and 'e was smuggled out in a bread-basket.'

"Sam's flesh began to creep all over.

"'It's a pity they don't 'ave the same rules as Charing Cross 'Orsepittle,' ses the cabman. 'The doctors 'ave five pounds apiece for every patient that gets well there, and the consequence is they ain't 'ad the blinds down for over five months.'

"'Drive me there,' ses Sam.

"'It's a long way,' ses the cabman, shaking his 'ead, 'and it 'll cost you another 'arf-crown. S'pose you give the London a try?'

"'You drive to Charing Cross,' ses Sam, and Ginger gave 'im the 'arf-crown. 'And look sharp; these things ain't as warm as they might be.'

"The cabman turned 'is 'orse round and set off agin, singing. The cab stopped once or twice for a little while, and then it stopped for quite a long time, and the cabman climbed down off 'is box and came to the winder agin.

"'I'm sorry, mate,' 'e ses, 'but did you see me speak to that party just now?'

"SHE ASKED 'IM WHETHER 'E'D GOT A FANCY FOR ANY PARTICKLER SPOT TO BE BURIED IN"

"'The one you flicked with your whip?' ses Ginger.

"'No; 'e was speaking to me,' ses the cabman. 'The last one, I mean.'

"'Wot about it?' ses Peter.

"'E's the under-porter at the 'orsepittle,' ses the cabman, spitting; 'and 'e tells me that every bed is bung full, and two patients apiece in some of 'em.'

"'I don't mind sleeping two in a bed,' ses Sam, who was very tired and cold.

"'No,' ses the cabman; 'but wot about the other one?'

"'Well, wot's to be done?' ses Peter.

"'You might go to Guy's,' ses the cabman; 'that's as good as Charing Cross.'

"'I b'lieve you're telling a pack o' lies,' ses Ginger.

"'Come out o' my cab,' ses the cabman, very fierce. 'Come on, all of you. Out you get.'

"Ginger and Peter was for getting out, but Sam wouldn't 'ear of it. It was bad enough being wrapped up in a blanket in a cab, without being turned out in 'is bare feet on the pavement, and at last Ginger apologized to the cabman by saying 'e supposed if 'e was a liar 'e couldn't 'elp it. The cabman collected three shillings more to go to Guy's 'Orsepittle, and, arter a few words with Ginger, climbed up on 'is box and drove off agin.

"They was all rather tired of the cab by this time, and, going over Waterloo Bridge, Ginger began to feel uncommon thirsty, and, leaning out o' the winder, told the cabman to pull up for a drink. 'E was so long about it that Ginger began to think 'e was bearing malice, but just as 'e was going to tell 'im agin the cab pulled up in a quiet little street opposite a small pub. Ginger Dick and Peter went in and 'ad something and brought one out for Sam. They 'ad another arter that, and Ginger, getting 'is good temper back agin, asked the cabman to 'ave one.

"'Look lively about it, Ginger,' ses Sam, very sharp. 'You forget 'ow ill I am.'

"Ginger said they wouldn't be two seconds, and, the cabman calling a boy to mind his 'orse, they went inside. It was a quiet little place, but very cozy, and Sam, peeping out o' the winder, could see all three of 'em leaning against the bar and making themselves comfortable. Twice 'e made the boy go in to 'urry 'em up, and all the notice they took was to go on at the boy for leaving the 'orse.

"'ALL RIGHT,' SES THE CABMAN, TAKING 'IS 'ORSE OUT AND LEADING IT INTO A STABLE. 'MIND YOU DON'T CATCH COLD'"

"Poor old Sam sat there 'ugging 'imself in the bedclo'es, and getting wilder and wilder. 'E couldn't get out o' the cab, and 'e couldn't call to 'em for fear o' people coming up and staring at 'im. Ginger, smiling all over with 'appiness, 'ad got a big cigar on and was pretending to pinch the barmaid's flowers, and Peter and the cabman was talking to some other chaps there. The only change Sam 'ad was when the boy walked the 'orse up and down the road.

"'E sat there for an hour and then 'e sent the boy in agin. This time the cabman lost 'is temper, and, arter chasing the boy up the road, gave a young feller tuppence to take 'is place and promised 'im another tuppence when 'e came out. Sam tried to get a word with 'im as 'e passed, but 'e wouldn't listen, and it was pretty near 'arf an hour later afore they all came out, talking and laughing.

"'Now for the 'orsepittle,' ses Ginger, opening the door. 'Come on, Peter; don't keep poor old Sam waiting all night.'

"'''Arf a tic,' ses the cabman, ''arf a tic; there's five shillings for waiting, fust.'

"'*Wot?*' ses Ginger, staring at 'im. 'Arter giving you all them drinks?'

"'Five shillings,' ses the cabman; 'two hours' waiting at 'arf a crown an hour. That's the proper charge.'

"Ginger thought 'e was joking at fust, and when 'e found 'e wasn't 'e called 'im all the names 'e could think of, while Peter Russet stood by smiling and trying to think where 'e was and wot it was all about.

"'Pay 'im the five bob, Ginger, and 'ave done with it,' ses poor Sam, at last. 'I'll never get to the 'orsepittle at this rate.'

"'Cert'inly not,' ses Ginger, 'not if we stay 'ere all night.'

"'Pay 'im the five bob,' ses Sam, raising 'is voice; 'it's my money.'

"'You keep quiet,' ses Ginger, 'and speak when you're spoken to. Get inside, Peter.'

"Peter, wot was standing by blinking and smiling, misunderstood 'im, and went back inside the pub. Ginger went arter 'im to fetch 'im back, and 'earing a noise turned round and saw the cabman pulling Sam out o' the cab. 'E was just in time to shove 'im back agin, and for the next two or three minutes 'im and the cabman was 'ard at it. Sam was too busy 'olding 'is clothes on to do much, and twice the cabman got 'im 'arf out, and twice Ginger got

'im back agin and bumped 'im back in 'is seat and shut the door. Then they both stopped and took breath.

"'We'll see which gets tired fust,' ses Ginger. 'Hold the door inside, Sam.'

"The cabman looked at 'im, and then 'e climbed up onto 'is seat, and, just as Ginger ran back for Peter Russet, drove off full speed.

"Poor Sam leaned back in 'is seat, panting and trying to wrap 'imself up better in the counterpane, which 'ad got torn in the struggle. They went through street arter street, and 'e was just thinking of a nice warm bed and a kind nurse listening to all 'is troubles when 'e found they was going over London Bridge.

"'You've passed it,' 'e ses, putting 'is 'ead out o' the winder.

"The cabman took no notice, and afore Sam could think wot to make of it they was in the Whitechapel Road, and arter that, although Sam kept putting 'is 'ead out o' the winder and asking 'im questions, they kept going through a lot o' little back streets until 'e began to think the cabman 'ad lost 'is way. They stopped at last in a dark little road, in front of a brick wall, and then the cabman got down and opened a door and led 'is 'orse and cab into a yard.

"'Do you call this Guy's 'Orsepittle?' ses Sam.

"'Ullo!' ses the cabman. 'Why, I thought I put you out o' my cab once.'

"'I'll give you five minutes to drive me to the 'orsepittle,' ses Sam. 'Arter that I shall go for the police.'

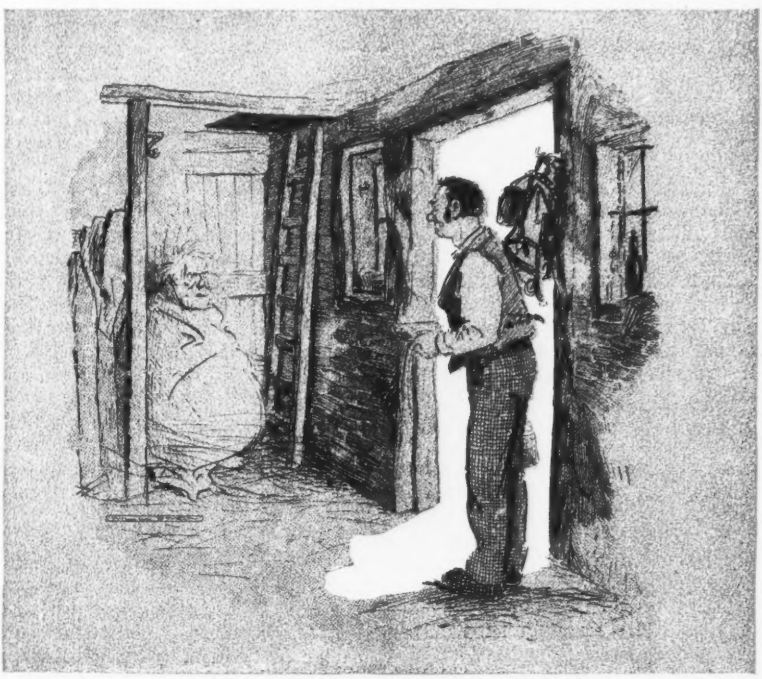
"'All right,' ses the cabman, taking 'is 'orse out and leading it into a stable. 'Mind you don't catch cold.'

"'E lighted a lantern and began to look arter the 'orse, and poor Sam sat there getting colder and colder and wondering wot 'e was going to do.

"'I shall give you in charge for kidnaping me,' 'e calls out very loud.

"'Kidnaping?' ses the cabman. 'Who do you think wants to kidnap you? The gate's open, and you can go as soon as you like.'

"Sam climbed out o' the cab, and, holding up the counterpane, walked across the



"'E WAS WOKE UP AT SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING BY THE CABMAN OPENING THE DOOR"

yard in 'is bare feet to the stable. 'Well, will you drive me 'ome?' 'e ses.

"'Cert'inly not,' ses the cabman; 'I'm going 'ome myself now. It's time you went, 'cos I'm going to lock up.'

"'''Ow can I go like this?' ses Sam, bursting with passion. 'Ain't you got any sense?'

"'Well, wot are you going to do?' ses the cabman, picking 'is teeth with a bit o' straw.

"'Wot would you do if you was me?' ses Sam, calming down a bit and trying to speak civil.

"'Well, if I was you,' ses the cabman, speaking very slow, 'I'd be more perlite to begin with; you accused me just now—me, a 'ard-working man—o' kidnaping you.'

"'It was only my fun,' ses Sam, very quick.

"'I ain't kidnaping you, am I?' ses the cabman.

"'Cert'inly not,' ses Sam.

"'Well, then,' ses the cabman, 'if I was you I'd pay 'arf a crown for a night's lodging in this nice warm stable, and in the morning I'd ask the man it belongs to—that's me—to go up to my lodging with a letter, asking for a suit o' clothes and eleven-and-six.'

"'Eleven-and-six?' ses Sam, staring.

"'Five bob for two hours' wait,' ses the cabman, 'four shillings for the drive 'ere, and 'arf a crown for the stable. That's fair, ain't it?'

"Sam said it was—as soon as 'e was able to speak—and then the cabman gave 'im a truss o' straw to lay on and a rug to cover 'im up with. And then, calling 'imself a fool for being so tender-'earted, 'e left Sam the lantern, and locked the stable-door and went off.

"It seemed like a 'orrid dream to Sam, and the only thing that comforted 'im was the fact that 'e felt much better. 'Is illness seemed to 'ave gone, and arter hunting round the stable to see whether 'e could find anything to eat, 'e pulled the rug over 'im and went to sleep.

"'"NOT TO YOU, I MEAN,' SES SAM, SHUTTING THE DOOR VERY SLOW. 'SO LONG'"

"'E was woke up at six o'clock in the morning by the cabman opening the door. There was a lovely smell o' hot tea from a tin 'e 'ad in one 'and, and a lovelier smell still from a plate o' bread and butter and bloaters in the other. Sam sniffed so 'ard that at last the cabman noticed it, and asked 'im whether 'e 'ad got a cold. When Sam explained 'e seemed to think a minute or two, and then 'e said that it was 'is breakfast, but Sam could 'ave it if 'e liked to make up the money to a pound.

"'Take it or leave it,' 'e ses, as Sam began to grumble.

"Poor Sam was so 'ungry 'e took it, and it done 'im good. By the time 'e 'ad eaten it 'e felt as right as ninepence, and took such a dislike to the cabman 'e could hardly be civil to 'im. And when the cabman spoke about the letter to Ginger Dick 'e spoke up and tried to bate 'im down to eleven-and-six.

"'You write that letter for a pound,' ses the cabman, looking at 'im very fierce, 'or else you can walk 'ome in your counterpane, with 'arf the boys in London follering you and trying to pull it off.'

"Sam rose 'im to seventeen-and-six, but it was all no good, and at last 'e wrote a letter to Ginger Dick, telling 'im to give the cabman a suit of clothes and a pound.

"'And look sharp about it,' 'e ses; 'I shall expect 'em in 'arf an hour.'

"'You'll 'ave 'em, if you're lucky, when I come back to change 'orses at four o'clock,'

ses the cabman. 'D'ye think I've got nothing to do but fuss about arter you?'

"'Why not drive me back in the cab?' ses Sam.

"''Cos I wasn't born yesterday,' ses the cabman.

"'E winked at Sam, and then, whistling very cheerful, took 'is 'orse out and put it in the cab. 'E was so good-tempered that 'e got quite playful, and Sam 'ad to tell 'im that when 'e wanted to 'ave 'is legs tickled with a straw 'e'd let 'im know.

"Some people can't take a 'int, and, as the cabman wouldn't be'ave 'imself, Sam walked into a shed that was 'andy and pulled the door to, and 'e stayed there until 'e 'eard 'im go back to the stable for 'is rug. It was only a yard or two from the shed to the cab, and, 'ardly thinking wot 'e was doing, Sam nipped out and got into it and sat 'uddled up on the floor.

"'E sat there holding 'is breath and not daring to move until the cabman 'ad shut the gate and was driving off up the road, and then 'e got up on the seat and lolled back out o' sight. The shops were just opening, the sun was shining, and Sam felt so well that 'e was thankful that 'e 'adn't got to the 'orsepittle arter all.

"The cab was going very slow, and two or three times the cabman 'arf pulled up and waved 'is whip at people wot 'e thought wanted a cab, but at last an old lady and gentleman, standing on the edge of the curb with a big bag, 'eld up their 'ands to 'im. The cab pulled in to the curb, and the old gentleman 'ad just got 'old o' the door and was trying to open it when 'e caught sight of Sam.

"'Why, you've got a fare,' he ses.

"'No, sir,' ses the cabman.

"'But I say you 'ave,' ses the old gentleman.

"The cabman climbed down off 'is box and looked in at the winder, and for over two minutes 'e couldn't speak a word. 'E just stood there looking at Sam and getting purpler and purpler about the face.

"'Drive on, cabby,' ses Sam. 'Wot are you stopping for?'

"The cabman tried to tell 'im, but just then a policeman came walking up to see wot was the matter, and 'e got on the box agin and drove off. Cabmen love policemen just about as much as cats love dogs, and 'e drove down two streets afore 'e stopped and got down agin to finish 'is remarks.

"'Not so much talk, cabman,' ses Sam, who was trying to enjoy 'imself, 'else I shall call the police.'

"'Are you coming out o' my cab?' ses the cabman, 'or 'ave I got to put you out?'

"'You put me out!' ses Sam, who 'ad tied 'is clothes up with string while 'e was in the stable, and 'ad got 'is arms free.

"The cabman looked at 'im 'elpless for a moment, and then 'e got up and drove off agin. At fust Sam thought 'e was going to drive back to the stable, and 'e clenched 'is teeth and made up 'is mind to 'ave a fight for it. Then 'e saw that 'e was really being driven 'ome, and at last the cab pulled up in the next street to 'is lodgings, and the cabman, asking a man to give an eye to 'is 'orse, walked on with the letter. 'E was back agin in a few minutes, and Sam could see by 'is face that something 'ad 'appened.

"'They ain't been 'ome all night,' 'e ses, sulky-like.

"'Well, I shall 'ave to send the money on to you,' ses Sam, in a offhand way. 'Unless you'd like to call for it.'

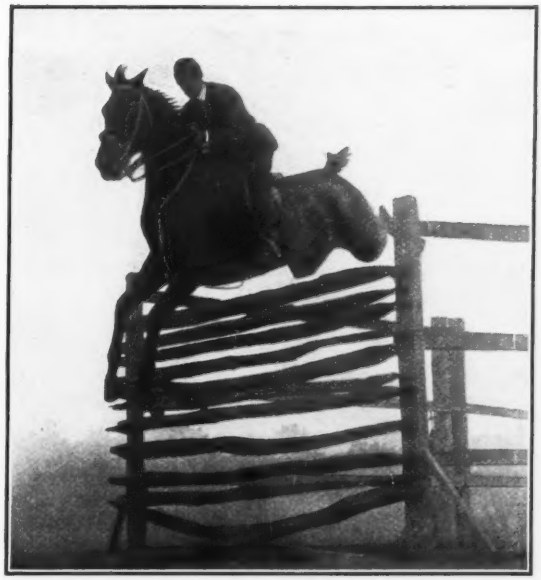
"'I'll call for it,' ses the cabman, with a kind smile, as 'e took 'old of 'is 'orse and led it up to Sam's lodgings. 'I know I can trust you, but it'll save you trouble. But s'pose 'e's been on the drink and lost the money?'

"Sam got out and made a dash for the door, which 'appened to be open. 'It won't make no difference,' he ses.

"'No difference?' ses the cabman, staring.

"'Not to you, I mean,' ses Sam, shutting the door very slow. 'So long.'"

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TAKING A THREE-BAR FENCE ON HIS FAVORITE HUNTER



SIDNEY HOLLOWAY MAKING A SEVEN-FOOT JUMP ON *ONERIOS*, AT ATLANTIC CITY

The High-Jumping Horse

SOME INTERESTING FACTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN EXPERT CONCERNING THE PHENOMENAL FEATS OF HUNTING-HORSES AND STEEPLECHASERS IN THIS COUNTRY AND ABROAD

By Belmont Purdy

Author of "The Horse of Sport," etc.

HOW high can a horse jump?

Theoretically the answer to that question would be the height of the obstacle that has been cleared by the horse holding the record in high jumping at our horse shows. This record is seven feet and six inches. But since that same horse, Howard Willets' Heatherbloom, has jumped even higher in private trials, the record does not constitute the limit of a horse's ability in this line. In connection with this the conditions under which the jump is made, as well as the purpose of the effort, have a good deal to do with the merit of the performance.

The obstacles in a steeplechase course are four and a half feet high, three and a half feet being made of strong material, and one foot at the top being of brush. A horse sixteen hands high measures a little less than three feet from the lowest part of its body to the ground; therefore it has to raise its entire body only about eighteen inches to enable it to clear the obstacle.

Nevertheless, whenever these jumps are raised a few inches there are protests from owners, jockeys, and trainers, as well as from the public, on the ground that it is taxing the steeplechaser too much to require it to raise its body more than a foot in the air in order to clear the obstacles over which it races. Of course it is the pace at which these horses go that makes it difficult for them to overcome even these small obstacles.

The hunter must jump in collected form, with its hind legs well under it as it clears the fence, so as to save itself and its rider from a bad fall in case its front feet should land on an uneven surface; and in this manner of fencing five feet is considered a good performance and six feet a wonderful one.

The high-jumper of the show-ring is a development of the horse show, and is in a class by itself. Its training, manner of jumping, and the way in which the animal is ridden in its performances are all of a separate school from that of the hunter or steeplechaser.

In the early days of the horse show, six feet was the highest jump a horse was expected to make, and those horses that accomplished the feat were regarded as having

SHAMROCK, A FAMOUS HUNTER OWNED BY GEORGE J. GOULD

RICHARD DONNELLY TAKING A HIGH JUMP ON *RIFLE*, AT A HORSE SHOW

established their reputations as phenomenal jumpers. They then took the bars in the same manner as they jumped the post-and-rail fences in a run with hounds. When Frederick Gebhard's Leo cleared the bars at six feet and six inches, it was assumed that the limit had been reached. But later, Filemaker, Transport, Majestic, and other big horses made records at seven feet. And now Heatherbloom has increased the recorded jump to seven and a half feet; but this cannot be taken as the limit of that wonderful animal, because its trainer asserts that Heatherbloom can get over eight feet, if necessary to keep his position as the champion, although he has never done so in a public performance.

Writers on the phenomenal "leps" of Irish hunters, in a country where the fields are divided by deep, wide ditches, the earth from which is thrown up in huge banks and overgrown with brush that partly conceals the ditch and makes the height of the bank deceptive in appearance, have a way of measuring the jump of a horse, in taking these formidable obstacles, from where the animal takes off in rising to the jump to the top of the bank. They speak of jumps of ten or eleven feet, which is misleading to anyone not familiar with the country. Besides, these horses, although clever at their special style of taking obstacles, really do more climbing than jumping. They poise on the top of the bank and shoot themselves over the ditch on the other side, the whole principle of the jump being exactly the reverse of that of the high-jumper of the show.

Steeplechasers and hunters go boldly at their fences, taking them willingly in the

J. L. MARTIN EXERCISING HIS HIGH-JUMPER, *RARUS*

excitement of the race or hunt, measuring their stride so as to avoid taking off too far away from the fence or getting so close that they cannot avoid striking the top when rising to the jump. The high-jumper, on the contrary, has to be forced to make an effort to clear the bars, apparently very much against his will in most cases. There are several reasons for this exhibition of unwillingness to try, the most potent being the system of schooling adopted by trainers of this class of show-horse to insure its jumping in such a way as not to touch the top bar, a touch being counted against the horse in scoring. Many a good, safe hunter will rap the top bar of a fence occasionally, without being any the less safe as a pleasant conveyance across country; but in the jumping-classes in the shows, the horse that does not touch the fence wins over the one that does. In order to make the animal careful to avoid touching, two men hold the top bar at either end, and as the horse takes off they raise the bar sharply so as to rap its shins hard enough to hurt it. This treatment has the desired effect on the horse, but it makes it dislike the whole performance. Nearly all the high-jumpers trained in the neighborhood of New York keep their tails turned toward the jump, and exhibit every sign of unwillingness to attempt the feat until they are forced by their riders to face the obstacle. Then they rush at it desperately, rise high enough to get their front legs over, and turn in the air so as to leave their hind legs extended, in which position they land on their front feet so close to the bars as to touch them frequently.

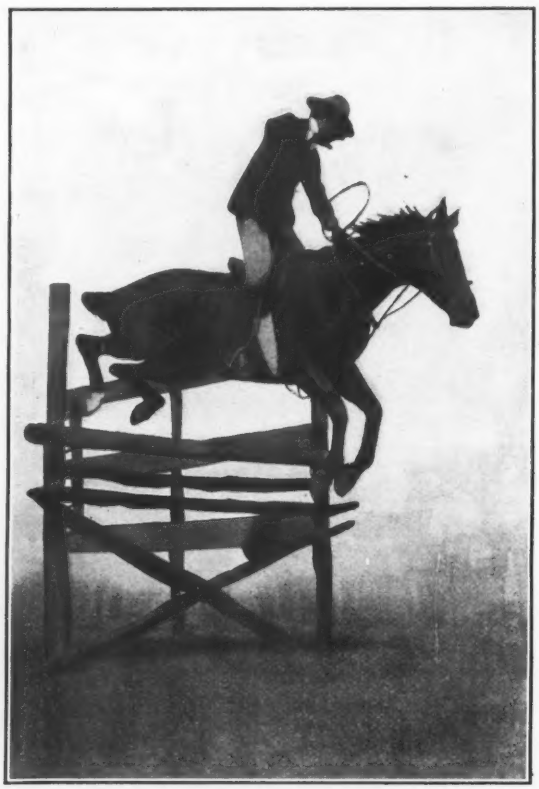
The preliminary training is generally done in a small enclosure made of fencing at least eight feet high, with two jumps constructed in it in such a way that movable

OFFICERS OF THE ITALIAN ARMY TRAINING HORSES TO JUMP

bars can be raised or lowered, yet so strongly fixed that the horse cannot break them down. Over these jumps the horse is driven riderless until he has learned by repeated falls that he must clear them. Commencing with jumps of four feet, or even lower, the obstacles to be cleared are increased in height until the animal is proved to be capable of accomplishing feats above the ordinary, or is given up as unfitted for the work.

Most of the high-jumpers have been large, tall horses, but they have not been the results of breeding for the purpose of producing excellence at that kind of work. In very few cases has breeding had anything to do with the results. Leo and Filemaker were well-bred animals that showed their high lineage. Transport and Majestic, on the other hand, were very common-looking animals with no trace of thoroughbred blood in their appearance, and they were graduated from the livery-stable to the hunting-field before they made their appearance in the ring. Heatherbloom is a well-bred horse, standing high on his legs, but with good conformation, and showing every reason why he should be able to accomplish anything that could be expected of the perfect specimen of that wonderful animal.

It is very difficult to sit on these high-jumpers in their efforts, and there is considerable danger from a bad fall, because of the position of the hind legs when the horse lands over the jump. Those who ride them are generally very light men who rely on their hands as much as they do on their legs to keep from falling off. The most successful of these riders let go of the head of their mounts a stride away from the jump, bearing down on the back of the neck with



FREDERICK W. OKIE EXHIBITING HIS HIGH-JUMPER, *TORONTO*, AT THE MINEOLA, NEW YORK, HORSE SHOW

the crossed reins; in this way the animal is left to make its effort by itself without interference from the bridle of its rider.

It has been asserted that the American high-jumper can beat that of other countries at its special game, and this may be true. Some years ago, Sidney Holloway took Chappie and Ben Bolt, two high-jumpers celebrated in this country, to Belgium, entering them in the great shows at Spa and Brussels, where they met the best jumpers of Great Britain and the Continent. The American horses were unable to get over the courses at those shows, and Holloway wrote to a friend here that he had never been called upon to ride over such big, strong jumps in any show in America. Two years ago, at the show of the Société de l'Etrier in Paris, a horse called Harpiste, belonging to a heavy dragoon by the name of Valdec, cleared an obstacle six feet five inches high with two hundred and twenty-five pounds on its back. This was a more meritorious performance than that of Heatherbloom, because the French horse must have jumped in good hunting form to have enabled it to retain its footing after landing with such a heavy weight up.

The tan-bark ring is considered by some experts to afford a better footing to spring from than such turf as we have at the open-air shows; but some tan-bark rings are quite different in their construction from others, so that this question of footing must be taken into consideration, together with the other conditions of weather, etc., in deciding as to the merit of any one performance.

So far as it concerns the ability of a horse to jump far, a great deal depends on the speed at which it can approach the space to be covered. The average stride of a race horse in action is estimated to be twenty-one feet, yet we see steeplechasers make mistakes at the water-jump in our courses, which is only twelve feet wide. This comes from the fact that this water-jump is placed in the course because of the spectacular effect of it, and not as a test of wide-jumping ability. It is so shallow that there is no necessity for clearing it, and trainers would rather that their charges would gallop over it than make an effort to jump far. The record at this kind of jumping has been credited for a long while to an English horse called Chandler. This horse is said to have cleared thirty-nine feet over a water-jump in a steeplechase. That was in the days when steeplechase jumps had to be cleared, if a horse would avoid a fall, and the measurement was taken from the last footprint

made by the horse when it took off to the first footprint on the other side. A cold-blooded horse, hunted with the Meadow Brook hounds twenty-five years ago, cleared a small lane and two post-and-rail fences about four feet high, covering twenty-six feet. The horse was not a particularly good jumper, but was uncontrollable under excitement, and the jump was unavoidable, the man on its back having only the choice of the lane or a barbed-wire fence.

In England the popularity of steeplechasing has, of late years, declined in favor of flat-racing, although some of the truest and most distinguished of British sportsmen, such as the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Sefton, Lord Howard de Walden, and Willie Bass, have always remained devoted to the former sport and have given much time to the training of jumpers. But it is now possible to conduct races under the National Hunt rules as well as those of the Jockey Club, and consequently the coming season promises a revival of interest in the steeplechase, which has many elements of excitement not possessed by flat-racing.

There is no doubt that horses could be trained to jump riderless. With a specially arranged take-off, they might be made to clear nine or even ten feet; but it is a question if they could land safely on the other side of the obstacle. As it is, it is not at all unusual to see a horse overjump itself at the first fence in a hunt or steeplechase, under the excitement of the start, and fall because it is unable to retain its footing on landing. Nothing would be gained by such a performance, however; in fact, for practical purposes, nothing is gained by the development of the high-jumper beyond the point at which it can carry a man safely and comfortably over a strong fence.

LANDING AFTER A JUMP—ROBERT L. STEVENS ON *SUNRISE*, AT THE MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY, HORSE SHOW

QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND, WHO PERSONIFIES THE SOUL, HEART, AND LIFE-BLOOD OF CASTE—THE MONARCHICAL PRINCIPLE

England's System of Snobbery

THE SECOND ARTICLE IN THE SERIES OF CLOSE-RANGE STUDIES OF SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS AND PREJUDICES THE WORLD OVER, SHOWING THE CASTE IDEA AS DEMOCRACY'S BITTEREST FOE

By Charles Edward Russell

SOME years ago, when a crew from an American university was about to row at Henley, an objection to its entry, vigorously raised in England, sent over this country a slight ripple of astonished resentment. It appeared that the stewards' regulations governing races for the Grand Challenge Cup provided that the members of the contesting crews must be gentlemen; and the discovery had been made in England that some of the Americans were not gentlemen. Why not? Well, not because of any flaw or lapse in their conduct or bearing, but because they had worked with their hands. They were poor men's sons, and were making their own way through college.

To many persons on this side of the water, the protest seemed disingenuous or absurd; but in truth it was not only gravely meant, but well founded and logical. That in the end it was waived was merely an arbitrary concession to international amity and the cause of sport. With perfect justice, from the English point of view, it might have been sustained, and that, too, in no spirit of ill will, or unfairness, or provincialism. According to English definition and the basic principles of English society, no man can be a gentleman if he works with his hands. It is the essential of a gentleman that he shall not work; the innocence of labor on his own part and descent from a line of similarly unemployed constitute the required badge of the gentleman caste. Members of that caste do not work. They may be poor, they may by misfortune be reduced to gambling, speculation, places in the diplomatic service, dependence upon others, or even to penury; but they do not work. Members of the lower castes—clerks, artisans, mechanics, and so on—work, but gentlemen do not. Sometimes gentlemen have been so driven by stress of adversity that they have made business ventures or become tradesmen. But in an event so deplorable they have been practically expelled from their own order. "Gone into trade," is the laconic record of their lamentable fall from grace. You remember in Charles Reade's story the fine old squire wrote it upon the back of his sister's picture, when she married out of her rank; and then he turned her face to the wall. Similarly the American student that had worked his way through college overstepped one of the lines of division that sharply cross the whole scheme of English society.

In India mankind is organized (in the Hindu system) on the basis of four great divisions: the priestly order first, next the warriors, then the tradesmen and farmers, the common laborers last. At the bottom of the lowest stratum dwell the outcastes or pariahs, the things too low for any place in human or divine regard. None of us stops to think much of the fact, but the organization of English society bears to this a curious and even startling resemblance. In England, also, mankind is divided into four great classes: the order of nobles first, next the landed gentry and old families of gentle descent, then the professional men and tradesmen, and, last, the working classes (manual laborers), of which the shunned and hated lowest strata are the hooligans of the slums.

In England, as in India, the four great divisions are crossed by many lesser lines of demarcation, all carefully noted upon the map of social precedence; so that from the throne down to the subcellar in Whitechapel

HON. RUPERT GUINNESS—HEIR TO BARON IVEAGH, AN ENNOBLED MANUFACTURER

the first importance; so that to be mistaken for one of a lower caste than you are really born into amounts to an unendurable affliction, and life is inseparable from looking down upon somebody. The wholesale tradesman looks down upon the retail tradesman, the retail tradesman looks down upon his "clark," his "clark" looks down upon the woman that lets him lodgings, the woman that lets him lodgings looks down upon the man that mends her tubs, the man that mends her tubs looks down upon some one else, and all hands, of course, look down upon Hooligan.

Turning the scale the other way, the man that labors with his hands looks up to the petty tradesman, the petty tradesman looks up to the big tradesman, the big tradesman looks up to the manufacturer, the manufacturer looks up to the landed gentry, the landed gentry look up to the nobles, and the whole organization, with degrees of awe and reverence proportioned to the situation of there appears one inclined plane, on every step of which stand men making obeisance to the men on the step above them, scorning the men on the step below them. The difference is one of degree, not of principle. As in India, considerations of caste and the step on which one stands are of each on the inclined plane, looks up to the king.

For use on different steps are curious variations of speech. Thus, for addressing the king, the phrase is "Your Majesty," for a member of the royal family it is "Your Royal Highness," for dukes, "Your Grace," for lords, "My Lord," and for all other ranks above your own it is "sir." "Sir" is the salaam of the English system, the universal symbol of inferiority. By "sir" the man on the lower step makes acknowledgment that the man he addresses is on a step above him. The clerk says "sir" to his employer, the landlady says "sir" to the clerk, the carpenter says "sir" to the butler, and Hooligan says "sir" to every man. The employer says "sir" to the man next above him on the steps; but he would think himself crazy if he once said "sir" to his clerk.

"Sir" is a wonderful matter. Ages of custom have bred in the populace an almost unerring instinct, a kind of sixth sense, that governs the discriminating use of "sir." The 'bus conductor says "sir" to you or to a clerk; but, however hurried his glance, he would not say "sir" to a carpenter. The swiftly seized basis of his opinion is not the passenger's clothes nor any other tangible thing; it is an intuition inherited from generations whose constant employment has been to estimate the rank

THE DUKE OF FIFE—SON-IN-LAW OF KING EDWARD VII

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN—A SCOTCH-ENGLISH PEER

PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

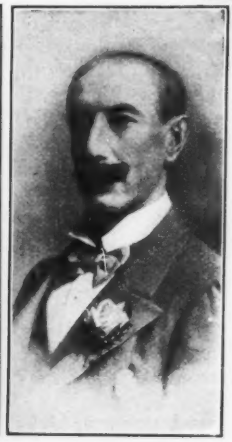
of all comers. If the carpenter were to dress with elegance and care, still the conductor would penetrate the disguise, and mentally, at least, reassort the masquerader into his proper sphere. At the door of your London hotel stands a uniformed porter whose business it is to raise his cap to everybody of higher caste than his own that goes into or out of the hotel. Often, as a matter of fact, not of custom, the persons that he salutes ought to salute him. I knew one of these porters that was more than seventy years old, had reared six children to useful occupations, and had walked all his days a straight, clean path. Daily he abased himself to some of the most worthless creatures of earth that viewed him and his obeisance with contemptuous indifference. He was of a lower caste, and ground into his bones and theirs was the doctrine that men of his order "must be kept in their places."

With whatever eyes of partiality, tolerance, or affinity we may look upon caste, and however we may gloze it over or excuse it as ancient custom, or however habit may have inured us to it, from this we shall find no escape, that the heart of the matter is the idea of the dishonor of labor. The first ranks for the idlers, the lowest for those that toil —that is the substance of the system. That a man should be of the upper orders, it is not only necessary that he himself should do nothing useful, but also that no ancestor of his for many generations should have done anything useful. As in India, the sole basis of the caste division is original occupation. The degradation of the low castes results from the fact that their ancestors worked with their hands; the elevation of the high from ancestral innocence of labor. It is, therefore, pleasant to note that in this respect most of the nobility of England can exhibit stainless records. In the cases of those that are descended from the mistresses or from the illegitimate sons of kings, there is the undeniable fact that some ancestor might have been of the lower orders; but, as you can readily see, the mixture of royal blood eradicates even that fearful stain.

These things are, of course, inseparable from the institution of monarchy from which they are derived; not from the mere name of it, but from the basic idea of monarchy, the idea that a man's birth determines his station in life. The sublimation of this is found in hereditary government; in a ruler, that is to say, made ruler by the chance of his birth. It was much the custom in the good old reactionary days, now

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, WHO MARRIED MISS DAISY LEITER OF CHICAGO

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND—ONE OF THE LARGEST LANDOWNERS IN ALL ENGLAND



THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, AN IRISH PEER AND EXTENSIVE LANDHOLDER AND A PROMINENT SPORTSMAN WHO IS WELL KNOWN IN AMERICA

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

happily passing, to speak with tolerance, and even with some admiration, of the hereditary form of government, as if it were in some way compatible with the progress, welfare, and essential freedom of mankind. Laying aside now any question as to whether the responsible parliamentary administration is or is not more truly answerable to popular will than is our own, it is enough to remind ourselves that the soul and heart and life-blood of caste is everywhere the monarchical principle, that caste upholds monarchy and monarchy upholds caste, and that of all the afflictions besetting mankind caste is incomparably the greatest. It is always to the monarch that men most abase themselves, the degree of abasement being, of course, in proportion to a man's place on the steps. Strange to reflect that king-worship still survives; that men actually allow the king to set for them the styles of their clothes and of their mustaches, to afford them models of conduct, to furnish their opinions, to manage their thinking, or to dictate the number of children they shall have; and that a king's daily actions, however trivial and insignificant, are carefully reported in the papers and noted by adults! The weight still given to a monarch's lightest word seems to the impartial observer the inexplicable feature of modern life. Even when the utterance is post-prandial and so obscure that next day it would puzzle its author, the people of at least one nation still receive it as a deliverance from Sinai.

Next below the monarch stand the highest nobles, whose relative rank is determined on the basis of the longest family record of worthlessness. Thus, some of the nobles having from stress of circumstances married the descendants of men that at one time did something, they are of the least esteem in that caste. One odd fact about the nobleman caste in England is seldom referred to, and yet it seems significant and interesting. Some of these families are so old and of such a spotless record for idleness that, in effect, they assume to stand on the same step with the king himself. To the Howards and the Cecils, for instance, King Edward is not of overwhelming eminence. He came of a German family, not especially illustrious, and there is a chance that far back in the Middle Ages some ancestor of his may have done something; whereas they have family records of an incomparable idleness stretching back probably to the Fall of Man.

After the king and the nobles, the landowner caste deserves the greatest attention. Until within the present generation these two castes practically constituted the government of England, the so-called franchise being limited to landholders, and legislation being chiefly directed for their benefit. In the landowner caste are the old established families and holders of ancient estates. Some of these, in the good old days, were close to nobility, or held royal patents, or had knights among them, and these prodigious honors forever defined and bulwarked their caste standing. Many such families are almost as well known as if they belonged to the very nobility, and men speak with bated breath of the Duffields of Sussex and the Warburtons of Berks. Often, too, the landed gentry almost mingle with the nobility, and have an inspiring glance at life from the edge of an upper step.

These two are the only gentle castes; that is, the only castes free from the contamination of work. Below them comes the caste of manufacturers, tradesmen, and shopkeepers, also curiously subdivided. Thus, an ironmaster inheriting a business that has been for some generations in his family stands on a higher step than the contractor to whom he sells iron. The contractor, in turn, is of a higher caste than his greengrocer. But the greengrocer is of a higher caste than the cheesemonger.

Of course certain nominal variations exist in these general rules, such as the elevation of distinguished commoners to the peerage; but it will be found on examination that the variation is indeed nominal and the elevation (until long time shall have confirmed it) chiefly of note in the household of the person thus honored. The rich tradesmen or others that are raised to knighthood, or even higher, shine in their own households and to the lower orders with the increased refulgence naturally pertaining to a title; but elsewhere their status remains the same. In the books, Sir Thomas Lipton is a baronet; to the Brahmans of English society he is still a tradesman. Nor would he be otherwise if he were created a duke. However his grandchildren might fare, and the lower orders feel that he had still further ascended from their plane, to the Brahman he would still be "in trade"; there would still be

about him the ineradicable taint of the useful.

And this, beyond question, is the substance of the English system, that a man should not hope beyond his class, that he should recognize the boundaries of the caste to which Providence has assigned him, that patiently and with deference to his superiors he should walk as his ancestors walked. So far as these ideas have prevailed, they have effectually locked up from the world the whole great fountain of ideas and progress that would naturally spring from men that labor. This generation has been the first to see even a rudimentary form of free public schools in England. Even now, so great is the caste opposition to educating the lower orders, the "board school" is kept on the lowest level of efficiency. Again and again I have read in the London newspapers letters from contributors, bitterly assailing such schools as nurseries of impossible and perilous ideas of equality among the children of the poor. The late Tory government made a desperate attempt in the interest of caste to accomplish the final wrecking of such schools: no government has the courage to put them upon a reasonable basis of effective work. Because these are the schools of the lowest castes, as a rule the instruction they impart is beneath contempt. Their net result is to insure the practical ignorance of the poor, and the fruit of that sowing, as observed by the wisest man that ever lived, is the only darkness.

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF HAMILTON—THE RICHEST WOMAN IN ENGLAND

Sometimes the reverence that the lower orders pay to persons on the higher steps has disagreeable results—for the lower orders. For many years there has not been floated in England a wholesale swindling scheme, or a big stock-jobbing device, that has not operated behind some member or members of the honored nobility. To be a stockholder in a Royal Hot Air and Muffin Company in which the Duke of Muckamuck is honorary chairman of the board is an irresistible temptation to the man far down the inclined plane. Easily he yields to it, when probably nothing else in the world would separate him from his substance. Many, many times he has learned from the court reports in his newspapers that the use of these sacred names is merely purchased and without significance except as an indication of something particularly rotten and dishonest. But so strong upon him is the sense of caste that, year after year, in spite of the most explicit revelations many times repeated, he continues to be caught by the same old bait in the same old trap. If the king, on the summit of the pile, can do no wrong, why, the duke, only two steps below, can do very little.

Distinctions of caste have very curious illustrations. On the English railroads, for instance, the ticket-puncher at the departure station plainly marks in his attitude his observance of the caste lines. At the door of a first-class compartment he touches his cap and says, "Beg pardon, sir; may I have your ticket, please?"; at the second-class compartment he says, "Tickets, please," without touching his cap; and at the third-class he merely bawls, "Tickets!" The different classes of compartments are provided solely for caste reasons. According to English railroad rules, a person holding a third-class ticket may enter a second-class compartment if all the places in the third-class compartments are taken, or he may enter one of the first-class compartments if

those of the second and third class are full. But if he enters a second-class compartment, all other persons in that compartment are entitled to have refunded to them the difference between second- and third-class fares for the distance the third-class traveler is with them. In other words, his presence reduces the compartment, for the time being, to third class. The same rule applies if the holder of a third- or a second-class ticket be compelled to ride in a first-class compartment. One night going from London to Oxford I saw how this works in practice. Just before the train started the guard towed into the compartment a decent enough looking young fellow, with the apologetic explanation that all the third-class compartments were filled, and, anyway, this man was going only to Reading. A male beast in one corner of the compartment grunted something inarticulate. When the man with the third-class ticket attempted to sit in a vacant seat, the beast made violent protest and compelled him of the lower order to stand all the way to Reading. The young man begged pardon for something, apparently for thinking to sit down in the presence of his superior, but the beast was not mollified.

This reminds me of an incident probably somewhat familiar to the American colony in London, but I believe here for the first time put into type. A stalwart young American who lives in Washington, D. C., had booked his homeward passage on a steamer sailing on a certain Saturday. The regular steamer-train for Liverpool leaves Euston Station at noon, but for some reason the American delayed his departure until the mail-train, which leaves at 6 or 7 p.m. (I forget which) and connects by Irish Channel boat with the steamer at Queenstown.

It was somewhat late when the American and his wife reached the station, and the porter that had his hand baggage in charge, after searching the line of carriages, declared dismally that there were no vacant seats in the train. According to the English rule, if there is no seat you cannot ride, but usually in such a case more cars are added to the train. In this instance, however, there was no sign of an additional car, the clock-hand was almost upon the starting moment, and the American saw the imminent prospect of missing his steamer. Possibly the porter had overlooked a place. He went hastily along the line of carriages, looking into each. Soon he raised an exultant cry and beckoned to his wife.

"Here's a compartment with five vacant seats," he called out.

At that the porter came running up, consternation in his face. "You cawn't sit there, sir," he cried. "No one is allowed in there."

"Why not?" asked the American. "I see one man in there now, and five vacant places. Why can't I sit in there?"

"That's his Grace, the Duke of Norfolk, sir," said the porter, in a whisper. "We cawn't put anybody in with 'im."

"Why not? Does he pay for all the seats?"

"No, sir; but it's one of the rules. We cawn't put anybody in the same compartment with one of the nobility."

"Nonsense!" said the American. "I'm not going to lose my steamer for all the dukes in creation. I'm going into this compartment, and if you won't put the baggage in, I'll put it in myself." With that he opened the door and scrambled in, while the porter went scurrying for the station-master.

That important person soon bustled up. "You will have to get out of that compartment, sir," he said authoritatively.

"Has this gentleman paid for more than one seat?" asked the American, indicating the duke, who sat like a graven image.

"No, sir," said the station-master; "but the rule of the company is——"

"I don't care what the rule of the company is," said the American. "I'm here, my wife is here, and my baggage is here. If you get us out, you will have to come in and throw us out." And the train starting at that moment, the station-master was left protesting on his own platform.

It is not the least of the multiple curses of caste that it causes to seep through all the lower classes a sodden servility painful to see and probably still more painful to practice. Until heaven makes men of other metal than earth, they will continue to be exceedingly poor objects of reverence; and one of the pertinent facts of life is that no man worships what is not worth worshiping without getting dust on his soul, as well as on his knees. The innate and incurable wrong of the thing is shown in this, that, universally, by so much as a man lowers himself in his own estimation by submitting to the insolence and contempt of those above

him, he seeks to restore himself by showering insolence and contempt upon those below him—usually with interest. Hence, the pressure of the whole system of organized hatred increases abnormally and with every descending step, until, at the bottom, lo, the pariah!

The Hindu has some millions of gods; the Englishman as many as stand above him on the social pyramid. To know his place and to keep it are traditionally the first virtues of the English servant. Indeed there is little doubt of his keeping it; practically speaking, he has no more chance of escaping from his caste than the Hindu has. Well, but how about Whittington and the other poor boys that have amassed fortunes, or become distinguished, or enriched mankind with inventions or discoveries? True enough, such things have been known, or otherwise there would have been little achievement in England, since the world's progress has been furthered almost exclusively by the sons of poor men. But the fact remains that neither increase of riches nor attainment of jubilee honors has really altered social lines, and that men from the lower castes are not in any circumstances admitted to the governing class in Great Britain. At the present time, to be sure, some signs indicate that some day the governing class may not govern so much as be governed; but so far in English history it has had sole control over national affairs. The governing class is a curious and interesting thing. It is composed of the hereditary Brahmans, the nobility, of course, and certain old landed families that have always been identified with influence in government. Thus, Mr. Gladstone was of the governing class, though he had no title; and similarly Mr. Balfour is of that class now. Mr. Chamberlain is far and away the ablest and shrewdest man in English public life, but he is not of the governing class and he never can be, because he came up by way of trade. If to-day Mr. Chamberlain's programme should be adopted by the government, it is more than doubtful if he could be premier; and doubtful for no other reason than caste.

It is mere foolery, so long as these conditions exist, for anyone to refer, as some reactionaries refer, to England as a "democratic country." Democracy is not a mere matter of changing administration on an adverse vote. Democracy is equality or it is nothing. Not merely to secure better factory laws has the Labor Party of England entered upon an independent political career; it has far more important aims, the doing away with the stigma that caste has affixed to labor. And how was its intrusion into the House of Commons received by the upper castes? You can judge from two expressions, perfectly typical. One of the defeated Conservative candidates was the son of a lord that has sat for years in the upper chamber. When the result of the polling was made known, this lord wrote to his son expressing his sympathy and sorrow, but ending with a powerful consolation.

"It is better as it is," he said, "for as things have turned out that would be no place for you. You couldn't have known a soul in that rabble, and certainly you would never have dared to wear your watch when you went there." And a disgusted Brahman of the landholding class wrote to some relatives in Hongkong that since the election all the carpets had been taken up in the House of Commons and sawdust and spittoons substituted.

Solely because of the survival of caste in the twentieth century, England still presents the anomalous spectacle of a state church and a hereditary legislative chamber. It is customary for those that have only a lopsided and prejudicial notion of English conditions to make light of the House of Lords as of no moment. As a matter of fact, it is one of the most effective barriers to advanced or reform legislation. Many a good measure desired by thoughtful men in the Commons is never brought in because men know very well the Lords would not pass it, and they dread a contest that might have far-reaching and radical results. At this very moment the most important reform that has been suggested in England in two generations—a reform of the huge evil of land tenure by which thirty thousand families own England and two million others are starving—is halted because the leaders know perfectly well that the Lords would throw it out. And this is the price of caste.

That in recent years conditions have forced from the governing class a legislative recognition of the artisan caste helps in no way to cure these evils, but only intensifies them. The housing of the working classes has long been an acute problem in London and other cities; both Parliament and the

London County Council have repeatedly legislated to meet it. Those long rows of workingmen's dwellings that the Council has erected, however admirable in themselves, are, none the less, eloquent witnesses of the lengths to which class divisions have been carried. Their results can only be to increase the separation. The Sudra class of England is now to be separately housed, to dwell by itself, to have assigned suburban districts such as those wherein the medieval cities restricted the Jews. The "workingmen's trains" and "workingmen's omnibuses" and "workingmen's tram cars," established by the Council, come under the same head. They have helped the fourth caste in the matter of transportation, but how could there be a more succinct recognition of the impassable barriers of their class? You can find the germ of all this legislation in the decrees of Eastern emperors that made separate rulings and established separate quarters for their artisans; and wherein shall it appear that men of the type of Elizabeth's "base mechanicals" are, in the eyes of the law, a more homogeneous part of the country's population than they were three hundred years ago?

But if you would see what are the typical results of a system that recognizes and enforces these lines of class division, you need journey no farther than to Stepney or Spitalfields. There, at the bottom of the social pile, crawls the wretched slum-dweller, the outcaste and pariah of England, the "unemployed" that recently, to the jeers of a well-fed press, paraded the streets of London. About the reeking back lanes of Bombay is no creature more miserable or thrusting into your face a more awful commentary on modern conditions; nor from the maharajah's golden palace to the hovel of the poorest outcaste is the descent more appalling than this from Park Lane to the stench and grease and unfathomable gloom of the East End. Ah, yes, the difference is of architecture and rags, not of essentials. Aptly the governing class in England suggests the Brahman caste of India, but not so perfectly as the slum-dweller suggests the pariah. In all the world are no closer kindred. Neither has known or may ever know hope or joy or sufficiency or comfort or a chance in life. To both are practically denied even the consolations of religion. You know, I suppose, that the lowest classes in India are not allowed to enter the temples nor to hear the sacred books; but you think that the similarity fails when in this respect I apply it to Hooligan, resident of the capital of a Christian land. Then, of a Sunday, walk through Stepney and see how many slum-dwellers are in church, see how many churches exist for slum-dwellers, see how many slum-dwellers would probably be allowed to enter a church! Imagine, if you can, one of those terrible forms striding up the aisle of St. James' or of St. George's! You see that I am dealing with conditions as they are, not as we should like to have them; and, looking at them as they are, where is the shadow of real difference between the pariah of India and the pariah of London?

They have their plague, too, these crawlers in the slums, the plague of insufficient food and air and light, of dwarfed bodies, twisted minds, joyless lives, misshapen children. And now this plague, that for so many years has festered unheeded among the hated pariahs, suddenly comes forth and lays its curse upon the entire nation, and the nation, threatened with undermining, for the first time gives to the frightful specter its wondering attention. Turn back to the records of the Boer War and see. What was it that filled Englishmen with vague alarms as they looked upon the kind of soldiers that went forth to that history-making conflict? And what is it that now spurs some Englishmen to demand compulsory military service, and others to argue frantically for rifle-clubs, and all to feel the necessity of radical reform in England's defenses? Only this, that it has at last appeared how far class divisions have sapped the national strength, just as they sapped the strength of India and left her naked to her enemies. There is no defense for any nation—and no strength—except in the men that work with their hands; and when the plague of insufficient food, air, and light and the weight of the caste pyramid piled upon them have crushed the life out of these, where shall a nation turn to find strong arms in her time of need?

Yet, like the plague of India, this condition is absolutely unnecessary and the sheer product of feudalism and absolutism. Put into the hands of the overtaxed and overbled people of India a share in their government, and how long will they be taxed into famine and the plague? Give the slum-dweller democracy, make him a voter, and how long can he be ignored? At the pres-

ent time, in the rigid ideas of caste and class, nobody considers him because he is too far down on the pyramid to be heard. When the English franchise was reformed, it was the natural consequence of the caste system that the slum-dweller should be excluded. The governing classes were willing to admit the tradesmen and artisans to a share in the government, but no one thought of such a thing as admitting the pariahs. Even the artisan caste would not ask for that. The castes already admitted represented a sufficient departure from ancient and sacred custom. So the slum-dweller was kept out, and having now no weapon and being without weight in political affairs, he has drifted on downward to this unutterable perdition. It is so. No member of Parliament need fear the hooligan vote; there is none to fear. Look over the work of Parliament in past years. Here have been bills for the landowning class, bills for the corporation, bills for the tradesman, and bills for the artisan; but you find no bills for Hooligan. He has drifted on in his aimless way, unhelped and almost unheeded, until with his terrible diseases, his hollow chest, and his listless eyes he has become a national menace.

Year after year the numbers of his tribe have steadily increased, the virus of his plague has spread, the problem of his future has grown worse. But at any proposal to deal with him in the fashion of democracy, to look upon him as a human being and place him on a plane with the rest of us and apply to his plague the cure of a social sanitation, all the ranks on all the upper steps cry aloud and hold up hands in protest. He is the pariah, he is of the nobody caste, he is the thing upon which falls the whole weight of class hatred. "Give him the franchise? Legislate for him? Recognize him with us? Certainly not!" cry all the steps. "He brought his troubles upon himself; they are his own fault. Why bother us about him? Do you want to admit the riffraff of the earth to equality with the better elements?"

So the plague of him has gone on rising higher, menacing one step after another of the holy pyramid. In every English city the slums spread, the unemployed increase, the army of the ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-minded is augmented. Oh, yes, I know how easy it is to say that this city or that has pulled down so many acres of slum-houses and in their stead erected so many model tenements. I have said these things myself with sincere admiration. But every investigator of these matters knows that for every old slum destroyed a new slum has been created. You do not solve the problem of this plague by pulling down one house and building another. And to a real remedy, a remedy that would abolish the cause of these terrible pits of human despair and unspeakable misery, and would attack the cause of the plague instead of trying with quacksalver pills to dose the symptoms—to anything of that kind caste closes the ears of England. They will not eradicate the plague in India because it would be necessary to attack caste. They will not eradicate the plague of physical degeneracy in England because to do so would be to place the lowest classes on a plane of consideration exactly equal with those classes that for centuries have ruled, and have found the joy of life centered chiefly in the idea of superiority.

In England, as in India, you can see the bitter penalty. The substance of democracy is free and absolutely equal opportunity to all men without the slightest respect to the accident of birth. It demands that all men shall be upon one level without regard to ancestry; it declares that the useful alone is admirable, that labor alone is honorable, that idleness is the deepest disgrace. Across the path of these ideas, caste in England, India, or America is a bristling fortification.

A SLIM FIGURE COLLIDED WITH ROSALSKY AND FELL WITH HIM PROSTRATE TO THE GROUND

Rosalsky's Resolutions

A Ghetto New Year's Tale

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by ALBERT BLOCH

THE difference between New Year's Day and Rosh ha-Shanah depends almost entirely upon the point of view. From some points of view there is no difference whatsoever. What matters it whether a man count his year from the first day of January or from the first day of Tishri? The important point—at least, to the man—is that a page in the book of life has been turned, and that he stands upon the threshold of a new year. With which few sage remarks I will proceed to tell the story of Moritz Rosalsky.

The service at the synagogue upon Rosh ha-Shanah eve had been somewhat more impressive than usual, and Rosalsky, on his way home, walked with the firm step and lofty mien of a man uplifted from the sordid life of this vale of tears. When they blew the shaphar (horn), its resonant notes had seemed to cry to him:

"O you whose years are but a repetition of vanity and emptiness, which can neither avail nor save you, repent! Improve your ways and deeds!"

And Moritz Rosalsky's mind, as he walked homeward that night, was busily occupied in turning over new leaves. "For two months," he reflected, "Ehrenzweig has been anxious to buy that house. It is empty, and I am getting no profit from it. But just because he wants it I have been holding out—all because of five hundred dollars more profit. If he comes to the party to-night, he shall have the house."

If it were at all pertinent to this tale, I might state here that the price Ehrenzweig had offered him represented a profit of at least two thousand dollars to Rosalsky. As it is not pertinent, however, I shall make no such remark.

"And Hannah is so anxious to have a pair of diamond earrings!" Rosalsky continued. "Why have I always refused her? 'All is vanity,' the Preacher said. If she asks me to-night, she shall have them."

Here, too, if it were pertinent, I would add that Rosalsky's wife, Hannah, had confided to her daughter, only the night before,

"Oh, if papa were only not so stingy!"

Which, not being pertinent, you may consider omitted.

"And," Rosalsky's reflections went on, "why should I discharge Nathan? True, he is too fresh. But he is an honest clerk. He has not enough respect for me, but I can always trust him with money. Of course, he is lazy. But what would he do if I discharged him? I will talk to him like a father. After Yom Kippur, maybe, I will raise his salary—if he is good, very good."

And many other things, not at all pertinent to Rosalsky's present lofty mood, might be cited to cast illumination upon Rosalsky's character, but—it is Rosh ha-Shanah eve, and, therefore, let us not rake up the past.

As befitted Rosalsky's station in life, he had prepared to usher in the new year with lavish festivities. The richest man in the Ghetto, Rosalsky felt that it was expected of him to maintain his position upon such festal occasions by setting an example of hospitality to all his neighbors. You must not imagine from this that his heart had leaped spontaneously to the idea. On the contrary, every nerve and fiber of his being had rebelled, and his very soul had revolted, at the thought of such useless expenditure. But Rosalsky had a wife and a daughter, and every man who has a wife and a daughter will understand. It was with many a sigh and many a muttered lamentation about "throwing money away," that Rosalsky had prepared his gorgeous Rosh ha-Shanah feast; but the main point is that he had prepared it and had given the caterer *carte blanche* to make it a great success. And it was to this feast that Rosalsky wended his way in a most pious mood, exalted and uplifted by the spirit of kindness to all men that the service in the synagogue had aroused in his soul.

"This night," the reader in the synagogue had proclaimed, "let us eat the fat and drink the sweet."

Rosalsky, on his homeward journey, had already begun, metaphorically, to eat the fat and drink the sweet. "If one be happy on Rosh ha-Shanah," the Talmud says, "one will be happy all the rest of the year." It was as much the intense desire for happiness as the impressive service in the synagogue that was responsible for Rosalsky's exalted emotions. He felt at peace with all the world, his heart overflowed with kindness to all creation, and he was resolved, at all costs, to lead a better and nobler life than he had ever led before.

It was with these feelings glowing in his heart that he came to his door; it was with these emotions surging through his soul that he inserted a key in the door. And at that same moment the door opened from within, and a tall, slim figure, emerging in tremendous haste, collided with Rosalsky and fell with him prostrate to the ground.

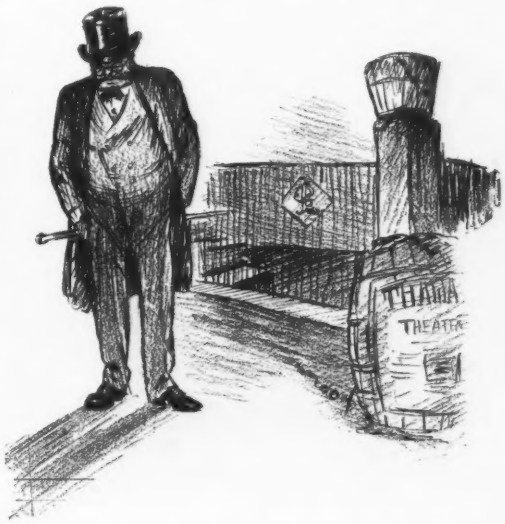
"Help!" cried Rosalsky, instinctively clutching his watch. Then, catching a glimpse of the face of the man who had so unceremoniously disturbed his dignity, he seized him by the collar and shook him vigorously.

"You impudent rascal!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by knocking me down?"

The "impudent rascal" calmly brushed the dust from his trousers, carefully readjusted his collar, and started off at a rapid pace, saying:

"I'm in a hurry. Sarah sent me out for the ice-cream."

It was Nathan Liptauer, Rosalsky's clerk



AND MORITZ ROSALSKY'S MIND, AS HE WALKED HOMEWARD THAT NIGHT, WAS BUSILY OCCUPIED IN TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

and the bane of Rosalsky's existence. There was something breezy and cheerful about Nathan that everyone but Rosalsky liked. He had the knack of taking life as a huge joke, which always grated on his employer. But his crowning offense was an utter refusal to be impressed by the dignity of Moritz Rosalsky. Upon several occasions Rosalsky had peremptorily discharged him, but, somehow or other, Nathan had always refused to be discharged; and Rosalsky's friend, Ehrenzweig, had usually come around to intercede for the young man. But Rosalsky's patience was nearly at an end, and, had it not been for the refining and sweetening influence of the Rosh ha-Shanah service, there is not the slightest doubt in the world but that he would have parted with his impetuous clerk for good and all. Even as it was, Rosalsky's fist mechanically shook itself at the retreating figure, and he was about to heap all sorts of imprecations upon the head of Nathan when he remembered that it was Rosh ha-Shanah. Just then the patriarchal figure of Ehrenzweig appeared, his countenance beaming with holiday joy, and he greeted Rosalsky with the Talmudic salutation,

HE GREETED ROSALSKY WITH THE TALMUDIC SALUTATION

"*Le shanah tobah tikkateb!*" (Mayest thou be inscribed for a good year!)

And then Rosalsky was glad that he had restrained himself. "Welcome, old friend!" he cried. "Come into the house and help us make merry!"

The parlor and dining-room had been appropriately decorated for the occasion; the guests had begun to arrive, and the whole house was filled with the spirit of the night. Sarah, Rosalsky's daughter, clad in most dazzling raiment, which I would not for worlds undertake to describe, sat at the piano, rattling off a merry mazurka. The lights shone brightly, but not more brightly than Sarah's eyes. Had I the space at my disposal, nothing would please me more than to devote all of it to Sarah—and well would she be worth it. But it happened that just as Rosalsky had brought Ehrenzweig into the room and had placed him in the most comfortable chair and had brought him a cigar and had seated himself beside his old friend, prepared for a long chat, Nathan returned with his burden of ice-cream, walked, or to be more accurate, rushed, across the room, tripped over the edge of a rug, and fell headlong upon the floor. The ice-cream fell into Rosalsky's lap. Sarah sprang to her feet and cried,

"Are you hurt?"

Rosalsky's feelings were too intense for utterance; but Nathan, calmly rising from the floor and picking up the scattered heaps of ice-cream, replied,

"It is nothing, I assure you."

And, strange to relate, Sarah returned to the piano and resumed her mazurka. While a servant helped to relieve Rosalsky of the melting cream that was dripping from his clothes, Ehrenzweig, who had caught a glimpse of the look that came into Rosalsky's eyes, seized him by the arm.

"Remember," he whispered, "it is Rosh ha-Shanah!"

"But it is the second time," Rosalsky muttered, between his teeth. "Outside the house he knocked me down."

"He didn't mean to do it. And if you get angry to-day you will be angry a whole year."

"But what is he doing here? I didn't even invite him."

IT TILTED IN HIS HANDS, AND ITS WHOLE LOAD POURED INTO ROSALSKY'S LAP

Ehrenzweig's eyes twinkled. "In his heart he loves you," he said. "You must make allowances."

Rosalsky growled; and then all his expression changed suddenly to gladness. His wife, who for nearly three hours had been completing a most bewildering toilet, appeared, in costume and face so youthful and radiant that her husband's heart leaped with joy.

"How beautiful you look!" he exclaimed. "And I have a surprise for you. Let me whisper it."

And as she inclined her head he told her to get herself a pair of diamond earrings the first thing in the morning. To his great surprise, however, this burst of generosity did not seem to overwhelm her with amazement. She smiled, somewhat perfunctorily, and murmured, "How good you are to me!" Then she wished him a happy new year. But her mind seemed preoccupied, until she caught sight of the stains upon his clothes.

"That fool Nathan did it," he explained. "Dropped all the ice-cream over me."

Mrs. Rosalsky frowned. "I guess he couldn't help it," she said. "But you had better put on another coat."

"What is he doing here, anyway?" Rosalsky asked. "I think I'll tell him to go home. A clerk oughtn't to keep late hours."

"No! no!" said his wife hastily. "I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for Nathan. He's—he's awfully useful. He took charge of everything. See; here he comes now."

Nathan, beaming and smiling, elbowed his way through the throng that now had gathered in the room, bearing a tray covered with glasses filled with sherry.

"Make way! Make way!" he cried. "The messenger of the gods is bringing cheer to all!"

In his eagerness to present the tray to Rosalsky, he was unfortunate enough to step upon the train of Mrs. Rosalsky's dress. The effort to undo the mischief was too much for the delicate balance of the tray. It tilted in his hands, and its whole load, glasses, sherry, and all, poured into the very same spot on Rosalsky's lap where,

ROSALSKY TURNED IN AMAZEMENT TO HIS WIFE. "WHAT BRINGS THE RABBI HERE?" HE ASKED

a few moments before, the ice-cream had fallen. The cry that burst from Rosalsky's lips resounded through the room.

"Moritz," cried his wife, "be calm!"

"Remember, it is Rosh ha-Shanah!" said Ehrenzweig.

"Come upstairs, papa, and I will get you your other coat," said Sarah.

"It's all right," said Nathan amiably. "There's another bottle outside. I ordered two."

It required all Rosalsky's self-control and all the lesson of charity and forbearance that he had learned in the synagogue that night to keep his lips pressed tightly together. But when he reached his room he turned to Ehrenzweig, who had followed him, and unburdened himself:

"To-morrow he goes. No, not to-morrow—to-morrow is a holiday—but at the end of the week. He is discharged. Can I let a fool clerk make such a monkey out of me? Don't say a word. To-night I keep quiet. I will not spoil the party. But as soon as the store opens I kick him out."

Finding himself unable to stem the torrent of Rosalsky's rage against Nathan, Ehrenzweig changed the subject. "Have you changed your mind about the house?" he asked.

Rosalsky looked at his friend, and the memory of his resolution slowly came over him. His face softened. "Yes, dear friend," he said; "have it at your own price. It is the beginning of a new year, and I will not make hard bargains."

"Shake hands on it," said Ehrenzweig.

Surprised at his friend's insistence, Rosalsky nevertheless shook hands and even added:

"I give my word. The house is as good as yours."

"Maybe you'll change your mind," said Ehrenzweig.

Rosalsky glared at him. "Here!" he cried, seizing pen and paper. "I put it in writing. Are you satisfied?"

Ehrenzweig read it over carefully, folded it, and put it in his pocket. "Sure, I'm satisfied," he replied. And then, with a grin, "After supper I'll tell you about it, and you'll laugh."

When they went downstairs, the guests

had already begun to take their places at the supper-table. As Rosalsky entered the room, an orchestra, hidden behind palms, began to play. Rosalsky's eyes opened in amazement.

"Where did the music come from?" he asked.

"It's Nathan's idea," explained his wife. "He got the orchestra."

Rosalsky stared at his wife. "Nathan got them?" he snarled. "Does Nathan pay for them?"

"Sh-h-h-h!" said Ehrenzweig. "Remember, it's Rosh ha-Shanah!"

"Remember that Nathan is a fool!" retorted Rosalsky. Then seeing the tears start to his wife's eyes, he hastily added:

"It's all right! It's all right! I won't say any more about it."

The guests seated themselves informally, without prearranged order, and it happened that Rosalsky found himself sitting opposite Nathan; that is, whenever Nathan happened to be seated. Most of the time Nathan was running about the room, directing the waiters, looking after the comfort of the guests, and taking charge of things in general. The seat beside Nathan's happened (by accident, of course) to be occupied by Sarah. Rosalsky suddenly noticed this and said,

"Sarah, don't you want to sit beside me?"

Sarah looked at Nathan, who was busily occupied with the carving of a fowl, smiled, and shook her head. "I guess I'll sit by Nathan," she said.

"Oh, by the way, Nathan," said Ehrenzweig, who sat at Rosalsky's side, "here is something for you."

He drew from his pocket the paper that Rosalsky had given him, and held it out to Nathan. In his eagerness to take it, Nathan overturned a glass of ice-water on the table, and its contents splashed into Rosalsky's chair. But even before the glass had touched the table, Rosalsky had leaped from his seat. He had been watching Nathan, and this time he was prepared. A general laugh applauded his alacrity, and he himself could not help joining in it.

"No, young man," he said, "you cannot do it three times."

But Nathan only smiled and read the paper again. Then he said to Ehrenzweig:

"Thank you, Mr. Ehrenzweig. You are a real friend. Ah! Here comes the rabbi! Sit down over there, Reb. Waiter, bring a glass of sherry for the rabbi."

Rosalsky turned in amazement to his wife. "What brings the rabbi here?" he asked. "Did you invite him?"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Mrs. Rosalsky. "It was Nathan's idea."

Rosalsky felt the room whirling around him. But before he could utter a word, the rabbi was on his feet, speaking.

"This night let us eat the fat and drink

THE CORK, LIKE A BOLT FROM A CATAPULT, CAUGHT ROSALSKY SQUARELY ON THE FOREHEAD

the sweet. It is the eve of a new year. Dear friends——"

Rosalsky felt, vaguely, that he was about to have a stroke of apoplexy. He even wondered if his appearance denoted any alarming symptoms, for he had suddenly become aware that, while the rabbi was speaking, his wife and daughter and Nathan and Ehrenzweig had crowded solicitously around him. All the other guests were listening intently to the rabbi's words.

"Of all nights in the year," the rabbi was saying, "this is the one most fitting for noble thoughts, for lofty resolutions."

"Papa!" whispered Sarah, with her arm around her father's neck.

"Brace up!" whispered Ehrenzweig.

Rosalsky rubbed his hand over his forehead—surely something was happening to him. He looked at his daughter.

"What is it, Sarah?" he asked. He, too, was speaking in a whisper.

"Nathan and I were married to-day."

Rosalsky sat perfectly still. His eyes were watching Nathan, who was struggling determinedly to open a bottle of champagne.

"What can a man's soul gain by harboring enmity?" the rabbi was saying.

"We were afraid you wouldn't allow us," whispered Sarah; "and we love each other so much. Oh, papa, say you forgive us!"

Rosalsky felt something warm drop on his hand, and, looking up, found that his wife was leaning upon his shoulder, weeping. "I only knew it an hour before you came home," she said. "But he is a good young man, and you can take him into partnership."

Rosalsky awoke from his trance with a start. "Partnership!" he exclaimed. "That——"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered his wife. "He is smart. The house you sold Ehrenzweig was for Nathan. He already has sold it for three thousand dollars more."

"Yes," whispered Ehrenzweig, "he has a smart head. He told me to buy the house from you and he could make a good profit on it. But he says you can have the money if you want it."

"If we are happy on this day," the rabbi went on, "it is an omen that we will be happy for the whole year."

Pop!

Nathan had succeeded in opening the bottle of champagne, and the cork, like a bolt from a catapult, caught Rosalsky squarely on the forehead. Rosalsky never winced. Gazing long and steadily at Nathan, he said, in a low voice:

"Go right on! Kill me! Take the whole business!"

Nathan smiled. "I am excited, papa," he said; "but we will drink a glass of champagne, you and I, and then I will make a speech. Come! Your very finest health, and a very, very, very happy new year!"

And Sarah pressed the glass into her father's hand.

What Life Means to Me

NINTH ARTICLE OF THIS POPULAR SERIES IN WHICH DISTINGUISHED MEN AND WOMEN ARE DESCRIBING THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE WITH GREAT FRANKNESS AND SINCERITY

By Alfred Henry Lewis

WHAT follows shall be as hit-and-miss as your grandmother's rag carpet. Life is a mystery and I cannot solve it. I sit at the window of existence and look out on the world. I ask myself those questions which men have ever asked themselves. There was a time—I was young—when I answered them all. As years swept by, I answered fewer and fewer. Now I answer none. I am content to have been; I am content to be. The future? It is a bridge I shall cross when I come to it.

Ever I am face to face with paradox—the paradox of time, the paradox of space. I understand and don't understand, know and don't know. I look into the heavens' fenceless depths, and know they can have no end, no frontier, no beyond. Also I am incapable of the endless. The same with time. It is as though my intelligence had received a blow in the face. Feeling myself finite, I draw back from the infinite; I tuck the tail of my conceit between the legs of my conceit, and skulk for cover.

The certain diminishes, while the uncertain expands, and he is wisest who has least of wit. Life is as an arrow in the air. Shot by some sightless archery of nature, each of us is projected upward toward the skies. None reaches them. Some soar with stronger, some with weaker flight; and all come back to bury themselves in the earth as though the grave were after all the target aimed at.

Than I, there be few who have a wider acquaintance of men. Men interest me more than I interest myself, and I leave myself to go among them. Being of the world, I am worldly. And I know men; know them individually, know them in the herd. I know them better than I know myself. Given a condition, I know not only what my neighbor should do, but what he will do. I never know what I myself will do. To myself, I am an inexhaustible mine of surprises, and forever come up "tails" when I should have come up "heads." And I can see the reason of self-ignorance. The man who looks from the window does not see the house he is in; the man across the street sees it. The soldier who marches in the regiment never sees the regiment; the man on the curb sees it. And so with you and me and all of us. Each knows least of himself, for he never sees himself.

Being plunged in the ocean, one must needs think on water. Being immersed in the world, I study the world and pry among its wheels and cogs and springs for motives. The world believes with Vespasian that the smell of all money is sweet; with Thrasymachus that justice is the interest of the stronger; with Herodotus that when telling a lie will be profitable, let the lie be told. For one, I am willing to take the world at its word on these. I did not make the world. I would not change it if I could; for I am of the heresy of Cain.

If one were to ask me how to become a good man, the only counsel I could give him is, become a good animal. This, to the ear of the moralist, will trench on savagery. Yet that should be no harm. We cheat ourselves with an appearance and call it civilization. And while we do, there is much of argument to show that the perfect savage is the perfect man.

Drawn from life for the COSMOPOLITAN *by William R. Leigh*

"IF ONE WERE TO ASK ME HOW TO BECOME A GOOD MAN, THE ONLY COUNSEL I COULD GIVE HIM IS, BECOME A GOOD ANIMAL."

Your philosopher, alive to limitations, might admit the possibility of a civilization which would be superior to savagery. Also, your philosopher, as much aware of a gravitation in manners and morals as of a gravitation in matter, might doubt if there were ever one so good. For myself, living as I do—I speak in the abstract—on the ramparts of an isolated high indifference, I have in the subject no interest save the interest of discussion. I would not turn hand or head to start or steer or stop the world in its career. As to civilization, I dwell in its midst, accept its results, am as much its bond-slave as any. None the less, I discern a flock of evils owned of civilization, which savagery lacks. I am not sure but that civilization is that putridity of an existence which, as savagery, was sound and hale.

Conceit will clamor and self-love take the floor; the fact remains, however, that we are physical before we are either moral or mental. We think with our stomachs. We feel we have communed with our souls, when we've merely been talking to our livers.

It has been to me matter of wonder that civilization was so confident of its elevated sort. We have advanced, yes; but may we not have advanced downhill? You know New York—its people fretting like maggots in a carcass, as many as four thousand to a city block! You know the

good and the evil ground at these mills. Say, then, wherein are the folk present on this island fortressed of a better existence than were the red savages who abode here three centuries ago? Who had liberty in such perfection as the savage? He, too, had his laws, and respected them. He had his tribe, his country, and was a patriot fit to talk with William Tell. He fought his foe like a Richard, loved his friend like a Jonathan. His religion? The test of religion is death; and he met death with fortitude—and what is fortitude but faith, which few Christians may match? There was none without whom he feared; none within to molest him or make him afraid. He paid no homage to power; no taxes to men. His privileges were as wide as the world's rim; his franchises of fagot, of vert, of venison, had never a fence. He might eat a deer a day, and burn a cord of wood in its cookery. To my thought, he lived a wider life, with more victory of freedom, of comfort, of con ent, than ninety-five of every hundred of New York folk to-day.

Civilization is an artifice, a trap, a deceit. And I myself, as I have already said, am more its abject thrall than most men. Why then do I believe one way and act another? Because I would testify to an intelligence equal to uncovering the swindle of civilization, even while I confess a weakness that not only accepts but demands it.

One should be warned: Never decide what a man thinks by what a man does. Man is ever a contradiction, and self-contradiction is, commonly, the mark of fraud. Man is his own captor and his own captive. He is both hare and hound, ever a fugitive, ever in pursuit of himself.

This genius for the self-opposite runs through all man does. Also, remember that what I say of him I am saying of myself. He will consider the past, the present, the future. His reason will go one way, his instincts the other. His reason will alarm him with the discovery that his least act or thought is both result and cause. He will seize on some fact; he will explore its cause; he will seek to back-track it to its source. He finds cause back of cause, cause back of cause, and so *ad infinitum;* the whole related, cause to cause, effect to effect, like the uncountable links of a chain which has no beginning as it will have no end. He hears this chain of cause and effect clanking rearwardly, until the clanking dies away in the hollows of the heretofore. He apprehends, but cannot understand, just as he is aware of the eternal granite without grasping, even with the hand of conjecture, the premise of its first production. Reasoning, your man becomes a fatalist. The future is decreed; he himself is locked helpless as the fly in amber.

Having soberly concluded that he is fettered to the wheel of fate, his instincts take up the battle where his reason surrendered. His instincts, in the teeth of reason, tell him he is free. Tethered to some picket-pin of the inevitable, he still knows that he has liberty of body and soul. All this by sheer instinct. Also, as evincing that instinct is stronger than reason, man's fatalism never carries him beyond the stage of theory. What he does and what he tries to do, find their feet in the instinctive conviction that he is free.

I have spoken of life and civilization as unfurled to their full expression in New York. In that connection let me clank for the moment my own personal shackles. If I were put on the witness-stand, I could give no good reason for New York. Its ideals are low; it dwells in the gutter, and likes it. And yet my inclination—infatuation would be the fairer word—is to live in New York. When I leave it, I am eager to get back. My nature settles down in comfort at sight of its grimy sky-line, as though its smokes were perfumes, its bricks and mortar beds of roses. I can think on a rustic day—on a day of country lanes, of orchards, of apple blossoms, of the smell of new-cut grass. I can remember how these spelled happiness, and could wish that happiness returned. As I do so, I feel and know that I want none of them.

Am I proud of this change? Am I pleased therewith as with the higher existence? Not so. As I review my facts and my feelings, I decide that New York is a vice. It is like drinking whiskey. I know higher lives and whiter paths; and yet, like a drunkard to his bottle, I go crying for New York. Which is one of my reasons for distrusting civilization. For New York, when all is in, is the most perfect flower of civilization that blooms. It is the sublimation of our advancement, the climax of our progress.

You are to pay no heed to my judgments; to lend no importance to my findings. I have exhausted myself in an effort to show you the fallacious character of my thought—how, thinking one thing, I feel another; how I decide on a direction only to take the opposite. My contempt for my own judgment is only exceeded by my contempt for the judgments of other men.

For example, I am against almsgiving, as being a blunting of that spur of necessity, wanting the urgent prick of which mankind sits idly down. The evil in almsgiving is positive, the good speculative and often imaginary. Even though the alms be required to save life, and a failure to give will invite death, my reason is for holding back my hand. The weaker life that must be helped might better perish, and make room for a stronger, more perfect life that can fend for itself. Following which shrewd decision, I feel in my pocket at the first beggar's whine; for it would sweat my soul if I didn't. No, forsooth! my reason has a hole in it, and so I warn you. It is a leaky craft, and no one of prudence should come aboard it. I use it myself only when the voyage is of the shortest. You are not, however, to infer any modesty of the mental on my part. It is only when I am alone that I am humble. Challenge me, and I accept. I will pick up any man's glove. To discover thousands of my fellow-worms thinking one way while I think another, in no wise shakes my confidence. It isn't that I make much of myself, but less of the rest of mankind.

I examine the world I am on. I know that I shall die, and seek to see beyond. Like every man before me, I strive to pick the lock of futurity; like every man before me, I fail. After centuries of peering and spying and foreseeing, man cannot tell his own personal story for sixty seconds to come. At the best and clearest he may only guess. Man knows no more of God than did his forebears an age of eons gone. Is the finite to know the infinite? a foot rule to measure space? The theology of to-day is no more sure than was that of our slant-skulled ancestor, who went clothed of a sheepskin and club, ate his meat raw, and saved his fire to pray to.

Into a church I wend. I find a preacher. He is a good man—for a salary; a moral man—for so much a year. He talks, I listen; he tells me nothing. I ask for the story of the church. I ask, What has it done? as I would ask for the past of an individual whom I was about to trust greatly. Its past is blood to the girdle. It is a past of racks and thumbscrews, lighted redly up by the fires of *auto-da-fé*. As I listen, I learn that this church has murdered, and tortured, and robbed, and stood for the despot against his victims. Being everything I oppose, and nothing I desire—this church—I turn away.

Out among men I push. They tell me what they believe and why they believe it. I talk with the anarchist. He is for tipping things over, as though a boat would sail better if only keel up. Then the socialist. He doesn't want to tip the boat over; he only objects to the way the boat is sparred, and to the cut and the set of her sails. I attend with interest to the socialist, for I see that he is honest and yearns to do what he calls good. He uses the terms "poor man" and "rich man," and would uplift the one, pull down the other. I ask, "What is a poor man? what a rich man?" to the end that I may uplift and pull down without mistake. My socialist gives me no description of either.

As nearly as I can gather, a socialist is some one who wants some one else to support him. He is a barge which thinks every steamboat should throw it a rope. What does he want? Stagnation. And stagnation is death. Socialism is not attractive, and I pass on.

Leaving the world as it might be, I consider the world as it is. I find Commercialism crowned, Politics prime minister. Two lessons are taught: get rich, get office. Those are the only targets worthy the aim of man. The big joss is the "business man." How may you know him? By a coarse complacency of face; by a spirit like unto the spirit of pork; by a soul the height of his counter. He has made his money by scales and yardsticks. There must be a demon to hide and haunt in scales and yardsticks—a demon that rusts every hand which touches them.

Leaving the business man, I talk with a lawyer. I find that law is arbitrary, crime artificial. Law doesn't mean that all rascals shall be arrested, all rogues sent to jail. It hunts small scoundrels; big ones it avoids. I go into court. A gambler is on trial. I know the gambler, the judge who tries him, the prosecutor

who presents the case, the jury blinking in the box, the witness testifying from the stand, the press busily scribbling abuse. The gambler, of all these, is the one most honest and upright. His hands are cleanest, his money cleanest, his conscience cleanest. I turn my back on the courts and "justice" as declared by man. Law will never help the race until it hangs folk not for what they do, but for what they are.

Politicians—office-holders—meet me. As a body they are black and bad. Their best excuse is that they truly represent the public that created them. Mud and mire they may be; yet they are the people's choice, and "the representative represents."

Coming down from the apple to the tree, from the office-holder to the constituent, I find this: Men consult their pocketbooks in determining their public duty. If your man be killing pigs, or building boats, or forging rotten armor-plates, or loaning money, he favors those public conditions, whether of war, or peace, or murder, or pillage, or liberty dead, or law defied, which flow a profit to him. He does not care though a king be in the White House and Satan himself that king, if it but swell his bank-account. He feels no deeper than the dollar, sees no farther than the day. I consult the parties. The Democrats are for doing nothing; the Republicans would poke a fire with a sword. The capitalist and the workingman? The masses are as full of treason as the classes, and sell out for less. Capital! Labor! They are Esaus, and jostle each other as they crowd toward the mess of pottage for which their birthrights are for sale. The poor are as venal as the rich, the rich as vicious as the poor. Sycophancy is everywhere. It obtains in politics; it takes its smirking hand in trade. The small bow before the big; no one plays the man. In politics the result is corruption; in commerce the upcome is the trust.

No, I am not mad with any ardor of pessimism. I am not of ebb-tide reasoners who deem it impossible to rule with innocence, and hold that every king is bound to be a Catiline. I do not believe that every hill is a Calvary, every reward a cross, and the race forever foundering, unsuccored, on shores it sought to save. I am not of your slack-water optimists; nor has my hope been seized of a dyspepsia. I tell what I see and hear; and couple it with the assurance that my interest therein ends with its registration. The preacher insists that I should fear for my future. Since I do not worry concerning where I was two hundred years ago, I do not worry concerning where I shall be two hundred years from now. Because one has left no horror, the other cannot cast across me the shadow of any alarm. And the present carries less of threat than either the future or the past.

My pilgrimage continues. I rest for a moment with the critics. A critic is a failure who is angry. He finds fault with you for doing something he could not do in a way he would not do it if he could. Your literary critic bears the relation to literature that the flea bears to the dog. He infests it, without aiding, directing, or advancing it—and of such are all critics. I take my staff and trudge on.

Down beside a rich man I find a seat. He is incapable of friendship because of money-bred suspicions. He is no hypocrite, and believes in the divine rights of wealth. He says his gold was from God. His Titan interests are yoked to an ignorance as Titanic. Like some toad in stone, he has become so imbedded in his own selfishness as to be unreachable by any generous influence.

There is a sin that is honest, just as there is a hate that cannot be bribed into betrayal of its vengeance. By the same token this rich man—this rude and brutish aggressionist, commerce-gorged and money-fat—is honest, and acts veraciously by his blurred lights. What he does, like the handless malice of a rattlesnake, may plead the defense of nature. I saw this rich man stare in leaden wonder upon a strike occasion, when poor folk begged. He gazed upon them as though happiness were a new idea, and justice yet to have invention. His swinishness could conceive of no rule but the rule of desire, and in his savage staring there shone a hideous humor. It would have been comedy had it not been tragedy, and if bloodshed might furnish fun.

"You have more millions than you have fingers and toes," said I. "Why do you want another million?"

"Why does a dog want another rabbit?" he returned; and the laugh which accompanied the query was the laugh of a hyena of gold.

This heathen of riches should find red baptism. Some priest of rule should appear, and say to him as said those other priests to the wild Clovis: "Bend thy neck, proud Sicambrian! Burn what thou hast adored, adore what thou hast burned!"

From the rich man I crossed over to the poor man. I found him envying the rich man, and laying plans to rob him while calling him a robber.

As I walked on, I considered those preachers and lawyers and office-holders and work-folk and rich men and what others I had encountered. I measured up my fact-gains. Everything—religion, commerce, government—was pivoted on self-interest. Also, in what mankind called "progress," the world was led by illusion, advanced by lies. Everybody hated work, which was the only health. Even the preacher spoke dolefully of "the curse of Adam." Everybody wanted to be rich—which meant unhappiness; everybody wanted to be idle—which meant death. Change was regarded as progress, and to find one different from oneself was to find one worse than oneself. And with all these I sympathized, knowing them to be wrong.

Humanity is so much like running horses and hunting dogs that, while it ought to be fed, it should never be fattened. Too much is as bad as too little. Also, I want much and hunger to be fat. I had seen envy build schools and vanity rear hospitals and create libraries. Everybody laughed at vanity and met envy with scorn. I had listened to moralists, and before all was done discerned that a question of morals was a question of latitudes, and vice related to the equator. Cruelty was a creature of the thermometer; the tropics tortured what the arctics nursed. Happiness was born of contrast when it wasn't born of temperament, and Third Avenue laughed oftener than Fifth. One man committed suicide, another gave a feast; each was worth twenty thousand dollars. The suicide had been a millionaire; the feast-giver a pauper. I considered merchants and gamblers. There was but one difference: When the merchant's resources ended his credit ended; when the gambler's resources ended his credit began. When the gambler was down his fellow-gamblers helped him; when the merchant was down his fellow-merchants fell upon him and tore him like wolves.

Progress? A wise man proved it by pointing to a railroad and asking me to remember stage-coaches. I asked why it was better to travel nine hundred miles in a day than to travel ninety. He said one could reach Chicago in a day and night. I replied that one couldn't reach Calcutta in a day and night. He said that medicine and surgery had advanced; that we now saved lives we used to lose. I asked why it was important to save lives that must one day die. Also, I pointed out that we saved weaklings to wed weaklings and produce weaklings, which was progressing backward. He grew angry, and asked if I favored death. I grew angry, and asked if he favored birth. Also, I wanted to hear whether or no he believed in killing weeds.

Progress! I know nothing of medicine and railways and stage-coaches and saving lives; but I do know about books. And I see by my bookcases that the nineteenth century did not write so well, nor, in things beautiful, think so well, as did the eighteenth; with the promise all about me that the present century will write worse and think more heavily than either. We have better guns, clocks, plows, sewing-machines; but they wrote better English and thought nobler thoughts. Then it was as though the world's mentality had been permitted to grow up in beautiful groves, or expand in velvet lawns. Even in natures rudest, rough of ledge and rock, might be heard the splash of the waterfall, and bright glimpses of birds be had. Now, in this "advanced" hour, the groves are cord-wood, the green lawn is plowed into corn, the cascade turns a wheel, the embowered ledge becomes a stone-quarry, while the bright bird has disappeared in search of some uncivilized, unprogressive wilderness, where the useful is out of power and the futile has its throne. It is what we don't know that inspires.

What does life mean to me? It means a lesson—the lesson of the little, the obscure. It means that I must feel, not see, my way. It means that I must not hope, and therefore must not fear. It means that the physical rules, and savagery sits on a hill. It means the omnipotence of chance, while meaning there is no such thing as chance. It means a Sahara. And then, in amendment of all, it points to the oasis—to the green tree and the fountain—to the love of a woman.

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF EIGHT COLOR-PRINTS MADE FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE AND REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE FROM DRAWINGS BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE

The Surprise Party

By Philip Verrill Mighels

Author of "Bruvver Jim's Baby," etc.

Illustrated by ARTHUR G. DOVE

AN air of mystery pervaded Tid Flack's dingy little cobbler shop on the night of the final conspiracy, for Tid, Jimmie Sutt, Malin Crowe, and Henry Dole, the inmates, were not only particularly silent when Thomas King made bold to enter at the door, but their shadows were cast upon the walls in prodigious size by the sickly little lamp beside the cobbler's knee, and their looks suggested guilt.

King came in there impatiently. His mood was one of scorn for all the gathered company and their plans, yet beneath it lay curiosity of exceptional significance. He looked the assemblage over with a certain air of superiority, and studied Tid Flack's countenance with scant respect.

"Well," he said, after a moment of impressive silence, "I just dropped in as I was passin' by, fer I didn't reckon to attend no regular meeting. I only thought I'd see if you old ninnies was still foolin' 'round to git up a jack-legged *soirée* up to Mrs. Hanks'."

The rawboned lumbermen stirred on their seats uneasily. All looked to cobbler Flack for defense of their present position. Tid coughed behind his hand.

"No, King, we ain't contemplatin' anything gaudy or Shakesperious," he replied with gravity. "We're preparin' a home-made supprise party—just a reg'lar old-fashioned supprise party—for little Dunny Weaver, and we thought, as you was sort of sweet on his sister, why——"

"Turn that off, Flack, turn it off!" interrupted King vehemently. "Shut down your head-gate right where you are. I ain't been around there no more than any of these other galoots—and none of us ain't done very fancy, anyhow. What's more, you don't know a supprise party when you see it. Supprise party? Rats! You've been talkin' about the racket for the last three days and everybody into camp knows the thing is comin'."

"WOMEN HATE TO BE REALLY SUPPRISED. THEY DON'T GIT TIME TO CRIMP THEIR HAIR"

"Tid ain't told nobody but little Dunny," said Malin Crowe; "and, besides, there'll be a supprise part, don't you worry."

"You always have to tell the suppris-ee," added Flack sagely. "Women hate to be really supprised. They don't git time to crimp their hair, or wash the back of their neck. And one uncrimped woman kin sour the whole shebang."

"And if you don't tell the supprisers, then

how kin they bring refreshments?" inquired Jimmie Sutt. "And how kin you have a party without nuthin' to eat?"

"That's why we're goin' to have the candy-pull to-night," added Henry Dole. "Refreshments don't grow on every tree in camp."

"Candy-pull?" echoed Thomas King. "Where? Who's goin' to make the candy?"

"The whole crowd, over to Jimmie's," answered Crowe. "He's got a fire goin' now. And the pop-corn's right here in this bag." He indicated a barley-sack with more than a bushel of corn in it.

King stared at it hungrily. Then he looked at each of the men in turn; he was itching to be one of the party.

"Well, I suppose if you gentlemen know how to run a candy-pull," he said, "why, you might not need me along. But in case you want any pointers, why——"

He waited without concluding his sentence.

"Sure shot you ought to help!" said Jimmie Sutt. "We can't have too much savvy when it comes to makin' candy. I don't claim to know it all myself."

"Neither do I," confessed Henry Dole. "I only know you've got to butter your paws when you pull it."

"We expected you to come, King, to sort of diagnose the candy," added Flack. "If she ain't diagnosed she may not be done, and when she ain't done she ain't candy—she's gravy."

"Well, of course I know two or three ways of tellin' when it's done," said King, "and I don't mind steerin' you straight."

"Then we'll go right now," decided the cobbler, promptly blowing out the lamp.

"Don't fergit this here pop-corn," admonished Malin Crowe. "Here, Dole, you take it. I've got to go up to my shack fer about fifteen minutes, and then I'll join you all at Jimmie's."

But instead of going up the slope to his own dark cabin, Mr. Crowe slipped quietly down to the house where Mistress Julia Fothergill was reading, alone, in her kitchen.

He paused outside the window, and, studying the figure of the buxom young woman within, decided she was not so very homely after all. She was a vast improvement on no girl, and something had told him it was vain to aspire to the hand of Dunny Weaver's sister, at the Hanks'.

His knock on the door startled Miss Julia prodigiously. He entered the room to find her standing by the table and staring toward him in extreme agitation.

"Why, Malin Crowe, is it only you?" she stammered in confusion. "I thought—I was just a-readin' how the villain, Lord Gnashleigh, come sneakin' in on the unsuspectin' Dora, which was really Lady Dovecote, and my heart near jumped out on the table—and it's only you after all, and what d'you want, anyhow, I'd like to know?"

Malin Crowe had snatched off his hat. His face was very red, his smile sickly.

"Huh! I ain't no villain, Julia, you bet your boots," he said reassuringly. "I'm the other feller in the story. I—I come down to say—to ask—to—— Say, Julia, let's you and me git married. If you'll be my wife, I'll be your husband."

Julia pulled a hairpin from her dark tresses and shut her book upon it to keep her place. Then she turned to look at Malin calmly, her two big hands on her hips.

"Well, if I ever!" she said. "I didn't think you'd be like the others, Malin Crowe, but I might have known you'd git sick of snoopin' around that Miss Weaver pretty soon, for you didn't have no more business there than a frog has got in the soup. And after you've all got white around the gills, you and Jimmie Sutt and Hen Dole and baldheaded Tom King think it's time to come and pop to Julia, hey? Well, I scorn your advancin', Mr. Crowe. I don't hanker after Crowe. And if Tid ain't so pretty nor so terrible big, and if I did tell him I'd have to think it over, why, anyways he didn't wait for no Miss Weaver to look right past him before he thought of me. And you kin git, Malin Crowe, for I'm right in the middle of the most excitin' part, and the real prince is the one which nobody suspicions, all the time."

Crowe looked at the girl in utter bewilderment. "Do you mean you won't do it?" he asked incredulously. "You won't be my darlin' little wife?"

"Well, I should say I won't!" answered Julia, with emphasis. "Don't you understand no English conversation?"

"But it would be such a bully supprise to all the boys," pleaded Crowe. "There won't be no supprise if you don't."

"Well, it'll supprise me terrible if I do,"

replied Miss Fothergill. "And I don't desire to hear no further prolongation of the painful scene. I am aware of the honor you're doin' me, sir, but blandishments and arguments is vain. Farewell! That's all; don't stand there no more. And shut the door without slammin', 'cause a glass is loose in the winder. So, good night, Malin, and pleasant dreams to you."

Malin was stunned, but he went, and all the way to the candy-pull he was pondering Julia's revelations. The state of her mind was beyond him. When he came to Jimmie Sutt's, however, the rich aroma of boiling molasses and half-done candy burning in drops on the top of the stove stole soothingly upon his senses and renewed his faith in the sweetness of life.

"Here he is now," said Henry Dole, as Malin entered the cabin. "Say, Crowe didn't you say we'd ought to stir in some bakin'-powder when she's done, to make her nice and white, and to poke the cloves into her while she was bein' pulled?"

"Yep, that's the way we always done it to home," answered Crowe. "Who says any different?"

"Well, I didn't dispute your receipt," replied Thomas King; "but I said I'd et molasses candy which didn't have no foreign substances into it."

"And the rest of us agrees it wouldn't be no good without cloves and cinnamon and nutmeg and just a leetle touch of whiskey, fer we ain't got no vaniller," added Jimmie Sutt. "We don't want her to taste like Sunday-school chewin'-gum. We want the real article."

Tid Flack was standing by the red-hot stove, diligently stirring the boiling mess which the boys had created. The fumes and the heat were slowly overwhelming his brain. Crowe took a look at the viscid mixture and drew in a mighty noseful of its fragrance.

"Smells like the kitchen part of heaven," he said. "What's in her besides molasses?"

"A spoonful of Worcestershire and half a cup of ketchup and some pickle juice —'cause we didn't have no vinegar—five cups of sugar and half a cup of condensed milk," answered Jimmie Sutt proudly. "We wanted her rich —and durn the expense."

"No eggs?" inquired Crowe; "not a single egg?"

The men looked from one to another like guilty children.

"We never thought of eggs," confessed Henry Dole. "Jimmie, have you got any eggs?"

"No," said Jimmie, "nary an egg in the shack."

"Well," said Thomas King, "I've seen molasses candy before that was made without eggs. It ain't so smooth, but it goes pretty good. Let's see if she's done."

He took the spoon from the cobbler's hand,

"WHAT'S THE USE OF TRYIN' TO SAVE THE CANDY NOW?"

dipped out a generous dose of the boiling candy and dropped it into a dipper of water. It sank to the bottom and hardened to the consistency of flint. All the cooks gathered about King while he loosened the black mass from the bottom of the dipper. Meantime the mess on the stove was burning industriously.

"She's just about ready," announced the diagnostician, lifting the dripping nodule of stuff from the water. "Grease your pan—grease your pan! She'll be done in just two minutes!"

The receptacle they smeared with bacon-fat was a gold-pan which had once done service in washing gravel in a mining-camp. It was large, strong, and three inches deep, with a widely flaring rim. Into its hold the seething, volcanic confection was poured, and cobbler Tid Flack sat down to watch it cool for pulling, while the others made clumsy preparations to pop their bushel of corn.

They were a long time making ready, and the candy was stubbornly retentive of its heat. Above it Tid Flack held his head upon his hand, while the warmth increased his drowsiness and the rich, heavy fragrance cloyed his senses. He nodded, pulled himself up with a jerk, then nodded again above the pool of stuff. He did his very utmost to force his eyes wide open, yet the voices of the others served rather to soothe than excite him, and peace engulfed his being—a peace deliciously scented by the candy.

Meantime, his comrades had burned a whole popperful of corn. While they wrangled and exchanged information concerning the art of popping the kernels, Tid Flack had utterly succumbed to the goddess of sleep. Down, down sank his chin upon his breast; then down, down sank his body, till at last his head, with its tangle of thick, wiry hair, was pillowed in the great pool of candy, into the warm, yielding substance of which it sank to a depth of at least two inches.

Comforted, almost narcotized, by the delights of his rest, Tid at length began to snore. One of the boys engrossed with the corn suddenly recalled the fact that candy must be pulled before it hardens.

"Hey! Tid," he called, "how's she coolin'?"

Then he cast a glance in Tid's direction and was all but petrified with horror.

"Boys!" he yelled at the top of his voice, "boys, look at Tid in the candy!"

The boys looked; then chaos reigned. All bawled in fury or astonishment, three ran to part the pan and Tid, and the corn on the stove was left to fill the house with its reek.

At the first savage pounce upon the pan and his neck, Tid Flack was rudely awakened.

"Git out of that! Git out! Git out!" cried King, who was proud of the candy.

He had snatched the pan, even as Sutt had gripped the cobbler, and both were instantly tugging with lusty might and main.

Tid yelled. His head was thoroughly cemented in the pan, the candy having hardened till a cold-chisel only could have cut it. To save his precious scalp, if not indeed his entire superstructure, Flack laid frantic hold upon the pan and wrestled against the candy's parents wildly.

"Leave go! Leave go!" he shrieked in his anguish. "I'm stuck! You're pullin' off my neck!"

King and Sutt beheld that this was so. Excited as they were, they realized that Tid and the candy had amalgamated into one compact mass that utterly defied the rescue of either one, even by violent measures.

"Well, what in hell was you doin'?" demanded King. "Look at you! Look at the candy! What we goin' to do?"

"Do? Why, it's plumb pizened!" declared one of the men.

"I didn't mean to—I must have fell asleep," answered Tid, still fervently clutching the rim of the pan with both his hands, as if it had been a metal hat. "I'm stuck and it's gittin' harder all the time."

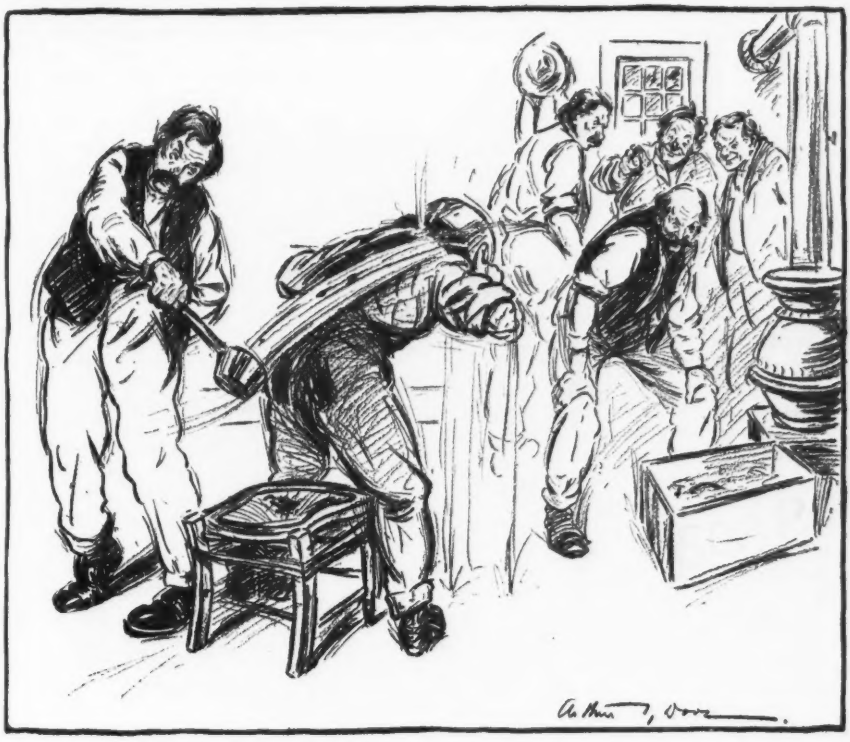
"Yes, and what's the use of tryin' to save the candy now?" demanded Henry Dole. "It's spoiled and ruined forever!"

"I don't see why," said Jimmie Sutt. "We ought to be able to git it off of Tid all right, and a little bit of hair-oil ain't so bad. We'd have to grease our hands to pull it anyhow."

"Don't you pull it again! Don't you touch it!" cried Tid, retreating backward from the savagely disappointed group. "You'll have to take it off easy."

"We've got to git it off the best way we kin. You ain't a-goin' to hog it all," said Malin Crowe. "It's too darn good to be wasted, and I ain't had a smell. And we needn't tell nobody nuthin' about Tid's hair."

"It's all the molasses I had," said Jimmie



HE DASHED THE WATER UPWARD, JUST AS TID SPRANG TO HIS FEET

Sutt. "Of all the rotten shames I ever seen, this is the worst."

"I'll tell you," said King; "we can't lift it off the way it is, but a little bit of water would loosen her up and never hurt the candy to speak of. It's awful hard to spoil good molasses candy. So, Tid, you set down and we'll throw a little water up around your hair and wash her loose."

"That's it. I knowed we could think up a way to git it off all right," said Dole, more hopefully. "Where's the dipper?"

Not without misgivings, Tid sat down, still holding to the pan with steadfast purpose, and King fetched the dipper, filled with water. He placed it on the table and looked up under the rim of the pan, the better to direct his liberating efforts.

"Stuck all round, hard as rushes in the ice," he announced; "but I guess this'll fetch her."

Taking the dipper in his hand, he dashed the water upward, under the pan, just as Tid sprang to his feet. Gasping and frantic, Tid yelled:

"Help! Help! Oh, Lord! Oh, where's a towel?"

"Set down!" commanded Thomas King. "You ain't in swimmin'. Let us see if the candy's got softer."

Tid was plumped down in his chair and the boys tried to urge his hair and the candy to part. But, except for the shallowest film of softened stuff on its surface, the confection was quite as adamantine as before. Tid yelled and fought as they tried to take it off, and finally escaped to the end of the room, holding to the pan upon his head.

"I've got some rights!" he shouted; "I've got some rights, and it won't come off without my head."

"We've got to wet her again," declared Jimmie Sutt. "Maybe two or three times will do the biz."

"I ain't goin' to let you douse me again for all the candy in the world," said Tid.

"Some kinds of candy ain't worth it, and anyway I don't believe this is extry good. I can taste it runnin' down my face."

"You're tastin' more face than anything else, and of course that's pretty fermented," answered Henry Dole. "You bet that candy's worth savin'!"

Tid was therefore persuaded to undergo one more attempt at the water-cure, which shocked him even more than the first. Drenched, dripping with sticky ooze that trickled from the candy down across his countenance like muddy tears, the little cobbler was a saddening spectacle on whom his companions gazed with mingled indignation and despair, since the candy still adhered to its own.

"We can't do it that way," agreed Thomas King, when Tid had shrieked out a wild refusal to submit to one more trial of the bath; "but we might be able to chip it out with a hatchet and save the pieces."

"No, you don't!" said Tid. "You'll want to put in some giant powder next. You fellers think I'm just a plaything; that's what's the matter."

"Huh!" said Malin Crowe, whose mind was working peculiarly. "By gum!"

"I don't see why we need no candy fer the party nohow," said Dole, becoming discouraged anew. "Can't we git along without it, and let Tid take it home?"

"Oh, hang the supprise party to a sour-apple tree!" answered Thomas King. "I *was* goin' to work up a genuine supprise, but Julia Fothergill is gittin' so stuck on snide, tin-horn heroes in ten-cent novels that she don't know a good thing when it bumps her house."

"You bet she don't," agreed Jimmie Sutt. "I know all about that myself." And he winked with profound significance.

"Yep, I got a dose to-night myself," admitted Malin Crowe. "She ain't got no use fer any of the gang, unless it's—— Say, King, come over here a minute. I want to speak to you."

The two retired to a corner. Meantime, Tid was holding to the rim of his pan in fear his companions might wrest the candy from him still by some violent maneuver. Sutt and Dole were utterly despondent. After a moment of consultation, Crowe and King summoned all but Tid to their corner.

"Say, boys," said Crowe, *sotto voce*, "it seems like we *all* got left on Julia Fothergill, and I got it last, and she gave herself plumb away to-night and said old Tid had bin and asked her first of all to be his blushin' bride. And she made a crack about him bein' a prince or dook in disguise. So me and King is goin' right down to fetch her up here to the shack and let her see the dook in all his glory. And if that don't cook somebody's goose and give 'em a bang-up supprise party, why I'll eat your hat raw, without no gravy nor salt. So keep him here guessin', and we'll be back in less than half a shake."

Tid became suspicious without delay. He still believed the boys attached much value to the candy. King and Crowe departed forthwith, and Sutt and Dole declared they had gone on a scheme to save the confection by a perfectly painless process. Tid, however, would have fled to his cabin, candy, pan, and all, had his friends not prevented the move.

The fire in the stove subsided, then went out altogether. Tid was waxing wroth and worried and the whole affair was assuming an aspect of gloom and alarm, when presently the door was opened and in came Julia Fothergill, with King and Crowe and three other men of the camp, who had followed to behold the cobbler's dilemma and the scorn of the woman who would find him so utterly absurd.

For a moment there was silence in the cabin. Then came the surprise. Julia had no sense of humor. The rescue of Tid from cruelty, oppression, and wrong appealed to her womanly nature. His candy-streaked countenance depicted woe unutterable. Julia nearly cried. Then, wildly indignant at those she conceived to be his persecutors, and filled with romantic tenderness and yearning over the wholly wretched little cobbler, she turned upon the others with a burst of scorn that fairly made them wither where they stood. In her novel she had read, three times over, a truly pyrotechnic explosion of wrath from the lips of a heroine, majestic at the end of most exasperating iniquities, and this, and much more, she vehemently discharged, till the candy-makers crystallized with dread.

"Toads ye are, and unclean monsters!" she concluded superbly. "The low hyenas of the jungle, ashamed of nuthin' mean or cowardly, and fillin' their carcasses with awful which the king of beasts has left, would creep from your society with loathin' and disgust. Ye have done your worst, ye

SHE PLACED HER BIG RED ARM ABOUT THE COBBLER'S WAIST AND STRODE PROUDLY WITH HIM FROM THE PLACE

have groveled in the mire and slime of your own base manufacture, and now ye are nipped in the bud. Outcasts of decency, ye can writhe underneath my contempt! I leave ye to your hellish joys and devices. And don't ye come down to my house no more, for coyotes would be better company, and ye make me sick way down to my feet!"

Then, sweeping the cowed and smileless group with one blasting glance, she placed her big red arm about the cobbler's waist and, with Tid holding fast to the pan of candy on his head, strode proudly with him from the place.

And, strangely enough, when she had placed the pan upon her table, with Tid patiently crooked over above it, and then with warm water soaked him away from the mess, as a stamp is soaked from paper, the man became even more precious in her sight than before, while the rich confection was haughtily thrown outside, upon the unclean earth.

And it came to pass that on the evening previously scheduled for the surprise party, two gay persons only marched upon the home of the Hanks with festive intentions. One was the radiant Miss Julia Fothergill, bearing a large frosted cake in her two red hands; the other was Tid, the cobbler, bearing a slightly perceptible fragrance of candy in his hair.

Making Her Way in the World

THE CONCLUDING ARTICLE IN "THE GIRL WHO TRAVELS ALONE" SERIES, PRESENTING A BRIEF FOR THE BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN WHO FACES THE PROBLEM OF EARNING HER OWN LIVING

By Eleanor Gates

Author of "The Plow-Woman," etc.

Illustrated by ERNEST FUHR

IT will be declared, by some ultraconservative people, that "*no* girl ought to travel alone." To answer such an argument, one has only to point to that class of girls who travel alone because they *must*—since they are girls who are earning alone.

The girl who is earning alone is not a new figure among the workers of the world. Doubtless from the very beginning girls hired out as nurses, companions, seamstresses, dairymaids, or house-drudges—these being occupations not only suited to their strength and taste, but occupations that men did not care to appropriate to themselves. The body politic now includes girls who have taken up certain different pursuits well suited to feminine strength and taste—pursuits that many men (exclusive of employers) *do* care to appropriate for men. It is this changing of occupations which has caused the wage-earning girl to be looked upon as a new figure.

"But," not a few will declare, "she has gone into man's work; let her take what comes."

Such an attitude is based, primarily, upon the assumption that if a girl kept in the old lines nothing (presumably unpleasant) would come to her. This assumption is false. Now, as ever, girls who follow domestic callings frequently suffer undesirable attention.

The second assumption is that certain kinds of work are "man's work," and that women should refrain from performing those kinds (or be counted interlopers); should, therefore, do work pertaining to the home exclusively. And this last deduction is often broader: Women should do *all* branches of housework.

A habit of thought that is centuries old makes possible such a point of view. That habit began to grow when living was simple; when the occupations pertaining to the home, though not entirely suited to the strength of women, nevertheless constituted the lighter half of the family sum of duties. But time and invention wrought changes. Outside the house, many light forms of employment sprang into existence, many of the old forms of manual labor were made easy; inside the house, however, the work either remained the same or became more complex. So that the day arrived when a discerning person wrote,

> "Man's work is from sun to sun,
> But woman's work is never done."

These homely lines tend to show that a readjustment was needed in the world of work; and this was started when girls first entered vocations heretofore strange to women, putting behind them the indoor work that had taxed them too severely. (Which seems to make this evident: Woman did not change her work because she had grown *masculine*.) Among men, the unselfish, the chivalrous, and the considerate were satisfied in the matter. In the past they would have felt themselves lacking in self-respect if they had allowed their sisters or daughters to go forth to earn. Now they felt that, since woman must do *some* kind of work, it was better that she should play the keys of a typewriter, for example, or handle money across

IN THE OLD DAYS THE GIRL WHO WAS A "HOME-STAYER" HAD TO CONTENT HERSELF WITH WHAT MONEY WAS DOLED OUT

a counter, than bend over a hot stove or beat heavy carpets. And so, by degrees, the work of the world began to be portioned out, not with regard to sex, but (taking proper account always of mentality) with regard to physical fitness, so that individuals might do what was suited to their strength —the husky man to the plow, the cripple to the watch-tower, the woman to the telephone-booth, the coolie to the tub.

And what of the idea that if woman takes up "man's work" she is, somehow, deserving of discourtesy? Grant that a woman will bring a certain amount of insult upon herself if she goes into the business world. We may then very properly ask, Could she *help* entering the business world? and, also, Since she has entered it, *is that a valid reason for making things unpleasant for her?*

In the old days the girl who was a "home-stayer" had to submit (no matter what was her age) to the overlordship of the men of her family; had to content herself with what money was doled out; had to perform duties that were often uncongenial. It was inevitable that, with better education and broader outlook, she should find these conditions galling. The first to escape them were those girls who called their souls

their own, unfortunately even to the exclusion of their God. Then came the girls who could not bear lasting dictation; or those who, having done a good share of the routine work of the house, bitterly resented having money tendered them grudgingly. Last of all, girls appeared who were keen enough to see that the same amount of energy expended *outside the home* would bring congenial employment, and better pecuniary reward.

And so we have the girl who is earning alone in the business world. She is an interesting and an inspiring study. As she labors, she does not demand drawing-room treatment. Neither will she accept "what comes to her." She asks, fairly enough, and she will get, certain protection that the workingman will not get: it will be measured out after taking account of her lesser strength, and also after realizing that she is either an actual or a potential mother. No one should question the justice of her claim.

How does it fare with the girl who is earning alone in the business world, as to the treatment accorded her at her place of employment, upon the street, and in her dwelling-place?

At once I see, rising from every conceivable point of the compass, a great concourse of women whose eyes speak earnest resentment. And I know that it is in their minds to say, "Well, these girls would rather work on small pay in a factory or a store or an office and suffer indignities than do housework in a nice family."

There are of course several reasons for this. Foremost among them stands that of class distinction; and class distinction, rooted centuries deep, cannot be overlooked. The majority of self-supporting girls feel that they would sacrifice some of their self-respect were they to become servants. And public opinion justifies them. Note the difference in popular attitude toward the man who marries his stenographer and the man who marries his cook. The one case is romance; the other is humor. Then, are not mistresses apt to insist upon class distinction? The more self-respecting a girl is, the less will she be likely to accept service—and self-respect, even when it is mistaken in its demands, is worthy.

Next enters the question of independence. To some degree, every servant sacrifices that. It was independence, probably, that urged her out among the wage-earners in the beginning—and she is not likely to ignore it later on. And to have no set and regular hours for employment, to have few evenings to herself, to have a watch set on her goings out and her comings in when her work is over—all these things bind and sting.

The mistress has her side. There are mistresses who bestow friendly interest and sympathy upon their maids, and are repaid by impudence and familiarity; there are mistresses who, granting full liberty, are repaid by having work badly done, since the maids have expended their vitality elsewhere. Unjust mistresses and irresponsible maids have brought about such a chaos that the probability of a meeting between the good maid and the good mistress seems remote. Therefore the responsible girl who is starting out to earn turns by preference to the business world, where there is system, an impersonal relation, and definiteness as to duties.

"But," reminds some observant woman, "is an unjust attitude on the part of mistresses any worse than the attitude of many men who hire girls?"

There is no one more despicable than the man employer who, knowing that his cashier's, or his stenographer's, very bread and butter—perhaps, too, the bread and butter of some dear one—depends upon her position, uses that knowledge to force upon her his ugly attention. I know personally a score of young women who have left positions because their employers had become unendurable. Denver, Colorado, I hear, has a society which attends to this very matter. A girl may go to this society and make a complaint. At once the employer is watched, and more evidence is secured. Then his family is informed of his conduct, so is any organization to which he belongs; the story is allowed to leak, and that particular employer wakes up to find himself publicly listed as a blackguard.

When an employer follows this reprehensible line of conduct, and sometimes even when he does not, the men under him are not slow to do the same. Some girl telephone-operators found it necessary recently in New York to ask protection against the attentions of certain men employed by the same company. In this list belong those

IT IS NOT UNCOMMON TO SEE UNWELCOME ATTENTIONS BEING FORCED UPON SOME MODEST GIRL WHO IS SERVING IN A RESTAURANT

men who annoy girls that dare not complain against them. For example, it is not uncommon to see unwelcome attentions being forced upon some modest girl who is serving in a restaurant. She accepts those attentions as best she can, knowing that she dare not retaliate—retaliation would threaten the loss of her employment.

This is the dark side. The other is one of encouraging brightness. Several of the large department stores supply their girl employees with excellent lunches at cost price; others, of a summer, send their clerks upon free outings, or upon pleasant vacation trips that cost little; one firm keeps a cottage leased in the country, and girl employees are sent to it in relays for change and rest. In fact, so many employers are showing their appreciation of faithful service in so many worthy ways that it is impossible even to enumerate them.

But when one inquires into the treatment that is given the girl who is earning alone when she finds it necessary to go upon the street, one finds much that is more than deplorable. The girl who is traveling alone in New York will often be boldly annoyed in the daytime. But the girl who is earning alone must often work far into the evening. Then, as she goes wearily homeward, how does it fare with her? Walk behind any young woman who is leaving her work after nightfall. You will observe that, for the most part, she is looked at with evident suspicion by escorted women who cannot discriminate; by too many men she is given glances that are questioning, or significant, or leering. The later she has to be out, and the more

tired she is, the worse is her treatment. It is a cruel fact that the brave, earnest, hard-worked girl who must go home alone at night often has visited upon her the ugly treatment that is accorded the social pariah.

Of late, many girls who are compelled to go about alone have become very impatient of discourteous treatment, with the result that the police stations have been welcoming very much battered culprits. These girls know that, ranged on their side, are press and magistrates; and since the police of the city are installed for the protection of all orderly citizens, they will see that they are not discriminated against because of the riffraff.

"Oh," some optimist will declare (the same optimist, however, will never, under any circumstances, permit a young girl of his own family to go anywhere alone at night), "a great deal of this so-called annoying is only harmless flirting."

If this idea is held by unprotected girls, it becomes nothing short of perilous. For careful investigation proves that the so-called male flirt is, usually, a member of the flashy committee of which I spoke in my second article. He is seeking for gain to convert self-respect into depravity.

Undoubtedly, numbers of wage-earners (like countless women who do not earn) unwittingly bring discourteous treatment upon themselves, by a too loud taste in dress, following the lead of some popular actress whose dresses are particularly attractive, but suitable only for stage use. Even when poor judgment leads to misconceptions, those misconceptions cannot excuse insult. But while dress that is too noticeable constitutes a cause, dress that is too poor is even a more potent one. The unscrupulous look upon the shabby as legitimate prey, or, at least, as girls fairly helpless against unwelcome attention.

The question of dress seems to rest upon that of wages. It does not entirely; for the distinction between the well-dressed working-girl and the one who is poorly dressed may lie in the fact that the former lives at home, while the latter must use her salary, first of all for bed and board, and then for clothes. This competition between the girl who may use her earnings for personal luxuries and the girl who has a pressing economic need for money is the primary cause of low wages among women.

But when this matter of wages is approached, one sees that its adjustment is far off—all the farther because there is much justice on the side of the employer who pays little. His invariable assertion is, "The girl gets as much as she is worth." There is considerable truth in this, as shown by the fact that the competent of every calling are apt to climb, while the slipshod, the impertinent, and the bad-tempered remain where they began. But the competent usually can climb only *so far*. And there they stick, year in and year out. Now and then, a band of these workers lift a cry of protest: "More wage! More wage! Shall your wife shine in society circles, O Senior Partner of Blank & Blank, shall your daughter be envied for the richness of a wardrobe that no one woman could wear, while the girl workers of your great establishment sweat out each week of their lives for sums that grade from three dollars to seven?" And these girls are not bent, ignorant peasants. They think and read and know. Is it great wonder, then, that here and there among them one slinks out who reasons blindly that she might as well sell herself for a high price, since sell she must? And is it not a fact that a girl cannot live like a self-respecting human being on three and one-half dollars a week, nor on five? Is it not also true that the firm which pays so poorly is not only manufacturing hats or feathers, but social pariahs?

But it is only the lazy, the overvain, and the mentally weak who leave the working-ranks. They leave because better workers crowd them from their places. The lazy are least in point of number. Next comes the overvain, whose yearning for "good clothes" is overwhelming, whose belief is that the wearing of "poor clothes" is the last step. But it is, in the main, the mentally weak who go down. Study will prove this. The girls who cannot concentrate their minds on work cannot hold employment. They are able to accomplish so little in such a long time that they come to want. And if some helping hand of good intent is not reached out to aid, the hand of temptation is.

Any movement looking toward the bettering of the conditions that surround girl workers should consider first those girls upon whom temptations bear the hardest—the girls who are living alone. In the cheap apartment-house, where

FOLLOWING THE LEAD OF SOME POPULAR ACTRESS WHOSE DRESSES ARE PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE, BUT SUITABLE ONLY FOR STAGE USE

many of these girls are compelled to live, they see certain gayly-dressed women pass in and out—women whom they envy because of their pretty clothes, their apparent freedom from toil, and their evidently full pockets. If, next, the wage-earner meets, as she is most likely to do, the unscrupulous men who will inevitably pass in and out also, and if she allows herself to be noticed flatteringly, then invited to the nearest, ever-gaping "family" entrance, this side door becomes for her the opening that leads down into the Pit.

When there is any discussion of the lowering of the cost of living for wage-earning girls, not a few people array themselves against any lowering, on the ground that if the employer knows that his girl employee can subsist on three dollars a week, he will keep her salary at that figure, and give himself better dividends. It is an argument that might be urged throughout all lines of endeavor. Fair play demands that the girl who is living alone be offered such aid as will allow her to compete with the girl who is living at home.

The condition of the girl who is living alone is being rapidly bettered in New York. For the girl whose income is a comfortable one there are hotels designed exclusively for women. These hotels enforce no rules that hint at the questioning of a guest's moral status; they lay no traps, as do some hotels that entertain both sexes, for the "trying" of a guest's respectability. Those girls who cannot afford a fairly

ALL TOO SELDOM IS THE DESPICABLE "MASHER" ARRESTED

high-priced room can live at the Young Women's Christian Association, or in a score of places designed, as is the Association, for the special entertainment of unprotected girls. Chief among these places, and absolutely unique, is the Trowmart Inn, on Abingdon Square, a hotel in the best sense of the word, but one which will not receive a wage-earner whose age is over thirty-five years and whose income is above fifteen dollars. The Inn is not a "charity." It is run on strictly business lines; but its builders, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. R. Martin, who erected it as a memorial to their son, desire only that it shall be self-supporting. Doubtless other hotels of a like character will spring up. More are needed. And it would seem that these must soon be supplied; for is it not strange that people of means will prefer to leave their funds where a low rate of interest is paid, rather than assume a little more responsibility by investing in such projects as these, receiving therefrom the same (if not better) interest, and experiencing the gratification that comes with a philanthropic act?

It would be unfair, when mentioning the living-places generously established for unprotected girls, not to mention the

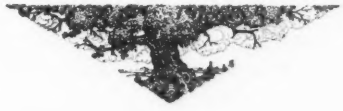
restaurants that cater especially to them. In the crowded business sections there are many refreshment places where they can lunch daintily, cheaply, and well. In some of these the guest helps herself from a laden counter; in others, she is waited upon by young women. These restaurants are the good forces that counteract the evil of the suspiciously lavish side-entrance luncheon.

There is a crying need in New York for a distinctly new type of restaurant—one that shall remain open at night. This new type of restaurant would cater especially to the unescorted women, and no man could enter it *unless accompanied by a woman*. If such a restaurant were centrally located, many a girl who had been working late could get a needed meal. Many a woman who was traveling alone could go there, be free from annoyance, and wait, while she supped, for husband or father. A few undesirable women might care to patronize the place. But these are found, escorted, in the "best" restaurants. And surely they would scarcely come to predominate in a "woman's restaurant," which would be little suited to their taste.

A study of the girl who is earning alone cannot but serve to make the student optimistic. Here and there are ugly conditions; but these depend for their very existence upon *a foreign recruiting of the vicious*. The born and bred New York girl who earns alone can take care of herself. Both her common-sense attitude and her independence are inspiring. She does not adopt the silly and dangerous fallacy that "to be good is to be lonesome." She knows that the contrary is true. Her goodness brings her all the friends she desires, both in the church she attends and among the girls who work with her. For the most part, her ideas as to what constitutes real happiness are right; so it must needs follow that her life is right. Materially, the girl herself has brought about a betterment, aided, of course, by those humanitarians who like fair play. Better hours prevail yearly. Employers are either voluntarily abandoning, or are being steadily forced away from, starvation wages. Philanthropists are looking after the proper housing of the girl who is living alone.

But what of that other (and vastly more important) betterment, the spiritual? Here the improvement far surpasses in degree the material improvement. In every class of workers there is increasing education. The night-schools of this big city are thronged with girls; so are the classes of the various social settlements. It is a rare sort of wage-earning girl these days who is not learning something more than the details of her work. More than this, it is a rare thing to find one who is not aiming at something higher. Here is a shop-girl who wants to be a bookkeeper; a bookkeeper who wants to be a trained nurse; a trained nurse who aspires to a doctor's diploma. And, at the same time, each is dreaming of those achievements which are the highest of all—wifehood and motherhood.

In ending this discussion of the girl who travels alone, I wish to emphasize the position I have aimed to take throughout: No one sex, calling, or social condition is either wholly good or wholly bad, or ever can be. Progress comes by raising the standard of majorities. And the bettering of the conditions surrounding the girl who travels alone will be brought about by those who ignore the flaw in the window-pane and see the view beyond; who do not condemn a whole class because some individuals of that class are unworthy. And as for those who are indifferent, or those who, discouraged, cease all effort for the good of the many because of the mistakes of the few—these might ask themselves, Did not Nero justify *his* actions by the excuse that he had met several disagreeable Christians?



The Indelicacy of Modern Plays

HOW OUR SENSE OF MODESTY IS BECOMING DULLED THROUGH THE MARKED TENDENCY OF MANY OF THE SEASON'S NEW DRAMAS IN THE DIRECTION OF TOO GREAT CANDOR

By Alan Dale

A CURIOUS thing about a surprisingly large number of the plays produced in New York city this season is the tendency to discuss openly, and in all variations, topics that we should never dream of discussing in our own homes, or at social gatherings. In several emotional plays now before the public, the question of impending maternity is introduced with such startling frankness that the uninitiated would be inclined to believe that it could be unhesitatingly mooted in our midst. The habitual critic, of course, scarcely notices this. It is hardly his province to do so. When he begins to preach morality, he usually degenerates into a bore. Furthermore, these topics scarcely come under the heading of morality, and the critic is invariably busy.

Just the same, this odd and Grecian tendency to unbudging candor cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed. We eschew certain subjects at home—either rightfully or wrongfully; we lower our voices to mysterious whispers as we mention an approaching birth; we send our sons and daughters out of the room (or tell them to go and look at some pretty views of Switzerland) if such questions call for discussion. Then we take them to the theater to see plays in which the leading character is a woman who has been led astray, and whose incontinence is set forth as an object of sympathy. Her fate, perhaps, is worked out in some other way. Yet there is always this topic before us—this topic that is vetoed outside of the theater.

So usual has this sort of thing become that the theatergoer who objects to it is looked upon as an old fogy, a kind of survival of a day long past. He is blazoned forth as an advocate of the teacup school of drama, in which nothing more vital than "glittering generalities" may be discussed. It is said of him that his outlook is narrow and bigoted, and he is told to arise from his lethargy and look at LIFE—in small capitals.

The modern play has no qualms whatsoever. Pinero, in "His House in Order," has none; Jones, in "The Hypocrites," balks at nothing; Moody, in "The Great Divide," is perfectly candid; and it is quite safe to say that Jacob Gordin's "Kreutzer Sonata" (offered us in two doses) could never be discussed by opposite sexes outside of the theater. In fact, all these plays, to which the conscientious critic could not legitimately object, would be frowned out of a dinner-table discussion. At a social gathering any delicately minded hostess would put a damper upon a group of her guests whom she might hear analyzing these dramas.

Yet the theater gladly gives them houseroom. They are "patronized" by all sorts and conditions of people. A young man takes tickets for his fiancée; a young girl makes one of a theater-party. The plays interest from start to finish; the playwrights are experienced men of the stage, and theatrical artists. They furnish bright dialogue, cynical comedy, overwhelming situations. They are popular, if only as a respite from the blatant, vulgar, uncouth, insensate, grinning thing known as "musical comedy."

These plays are seen, silently remembered, and not discussed. The young girl comes home and tells her people that she has had such a nice evening! It was really an awfully good play, don't you

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ELEANOR ROBSON IN ZANGWILL'S NEW COMEDY, "NURSE MARJORIE," THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PLAYS TO BE PRODUCED DURING A LONG NEW YORK ENGAGEMENT

Posed and photographed exclusively for the COSMOPOLITAN

MARGARET ILLINGTON AS NINA JESSON IN PINERO'S VERY SUCCESSFUL NEW DRAMA, "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER"

Posed and photographed exclusively for the COSMOPOLITAN

MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO IS NOW RECOGNIZED AS THE LEADING EMOTIONAL ACTRESS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

From a photograph by the Sweet Studios

EVELYN VAUGHAN, A CLEVER AND RISING YOUNG ACTRESS WHO IS WINNING GREAT SUCCESS IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "THE COLLEGE WIDOW"

Posed and photographed exclusively for the COSMOPOLITAN

GRACE GEORGE, WHOSE PLANS FOR THE SEASON INCLUDE THE PRODUCTION OF IBSEN'S FAMOUS DRAMA, "THE LADY FROM THE SEA"

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BERTHA GALLAND, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF THE YOUNGER AMERICAN ACTRESSES, WHO HAS PLAYED THE HEROINE OF MANY ROMANTIC DRAMAS

know! What was it about? Oh—well, it wasn't quite the thing to talk about. The leading lady was great, and intensely emotional—one couldn't help feeling extremely sorry for her—but—er—well—er—

Nobody would be absurd enough to label the unfortunate leading character in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play as improper without rendering himself liable to classification under the heading of the play's title, "The Hypocrites." Yet this young girl, who is threatened with abandonment by the father of her unborn child,

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ANNIE RUSSELL, WHO, AS PUCK IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," HAS DEPARTED FROM HER USUAL RÔLES

is companionable at the theater only. Outside of the playhouse, we drop her. We drop her immediately. If, ten minutes after the play is over, we find ourselves discussing a nocturnal oyster at a supper resort, we tacitly agree that she is not to be mentioned.

Shall we sanction the discussion of topics in the theater that we carefully avoid out of the theater? Or shall we make of the theater an enfranchised meeting-place, where we may openly moot the vital issues of existence? Shall we say to our families, "Don't dare to discuss sexual matters at

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LILLIAN RUSSELL, THE FAMOUS INTERPRETER OF LIGHT-OPERA AND COMEDY RÔLES, NOW PLAYING IN VAUDEVILLE

the table, in our presence, but take this two-dollar bill and go to the theater to hear them discussed"? Shall our consistency be to broach these matters at home, for the sake of the theater; or shall it be not to sanction them at the theater, for the sake of the home?

It is a very difficult question. It is a "nice point."

We are either consistent or inconsistent. If the former, we cannot object to the introduction of topics at social gatherings that we permit in the playhouse. If the latter, we are perfectly willing to sit and revel in plays, a debate of the merits of which we dare not permit in our drawing-rooms.

This is not a matter in which that perennial nuisance, the Young Person, is concerned. There is nothing essentially terrible in the question of impending maternity. The sober question of our mundane arrival, which was formerly so deep a mystery to the juvenile, is no longer that to our enlightened progeny. But we still own the sense of delicacy that we have inherited from a long line of ancestors, and it is that sense of delicacy which is the root of the whole matter. We may not affront it. Honesty may be dealt its death-blow by a close association with modern conditions; religious sentiment may be sneered into oblivion by the unthinking incredulity of the masses; moral probity may be counted as little by the "smart" rejoinders of epigrammatic cynics, but our sense of delicacy is still there. It is something innate—not to be ousted without a fierce struggle.

These plays which flaunt illegitimacy in our faces, and whose theme is incontinence, either sympathetic or otherwise, are assuredly not "improper." Nor are they immoral, for they do represent the vital issues, and some of them thoughtfully approach a decent discussion thereof. But they are indelicate. It is their indelicacy that forbids their after-theater mention. It is their indelicacy that causes a young, unmarried couple embarrassment. Our system of educátion is unlike that of the ancient Greeks, and—without wishing to throw any bouquets at our system of education—we cannot deplore that fact.

The truth is that while one of these plays can do no harm—while it may not be unwise to sit in judgment of such a tremendously vivid dramatic thing as "The Hypocrites"—a succession of them, such as we are getting at the present time, may bruise the delicacy of our theatergoers, may render them callous and unmoral, and may introduce into our midst, as a perfectly natural character, the Ruined Lady, whom we prefer to consider unnatural, and who, for reasons of delicacy, at any rate, is best so considered.

There will always be some meditative playwright—an Ibsen, a Sudermann, or a Hauptmann—whose meditative discussion of these topics will win a deserving place in the theater, and whose ideas nobody can afford to miss. But these men offer no excuse for the meddling of every dramatic Tom, Dick, and Harry with these questions. For plays are not books. Plays are more intimate than books. The novelist can explain himself and paint the lily. The playwright, condemned to squeezing himself into the narrow limits of a three-hour exposition, cannot do this. Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," for instance, is not such a naked human document as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Hypocrites."

It is the indelicacy of this curious batch of modern plays at which we must marvel. Indelicacy is a misdemeanor rather than a crime. It is not a thing at which to wax furiously indignant, as much as it is an affair to deplore sadly and, at any rate, to note. The tendency to-day is in the direction of indelicacy—a blight that robs the peach of its bloom and the blossom of its fragrance. It does no more than this, which is quite enough.

We are launched in a season that has given us several well-written, dramatic, and interesting plays that are—indelicate. They are not discussed after the final curtain has fallen, because they are indelicate. If you don't believe that they are indelicate, just analyze your own thoughts when, in mentioning them to your youthful friends, they say to you, "Oh, there's nothing in them. They are very interesting and perfectly justifiable."

What you think then is the excuse for this article.

Drawn by B. Cory Kilvert

BENT UNDER A HEAVY LOAD OF GARMENTS PILED ON HEAD AND SHOULDERS, THE MUSCLES OF THE WHOLE FRAME IN A LONG STRAIN. HERE, OBVIOUSLY, IS A HOE-MAN IN THE MAKING

The Sweat-Shop Inferno

IN THIS FIFTH CHAPTER OF "THE HOE-MAN IN THE MAKING," MR. MARKHAM DESCRIBES THE BLIGHTING EFFECT OF THE INHUMAN SWEAT-SHOP SYSTEM UPON CHILDREN OF THE POOR

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems"

Illustrated by B. CORY KILVERT

The destruction of the poor is their poverty.—THE BIBLE

A CERTAIN Brahman was descanting on the consideration due to animals, and affirming that he never destroyed one. "The law," said he, "bids us to walk carefully and with our eyes down, so as not to step on the humblest ant." At this a scientist handed him a microscope. Looking through it, he saw a host of little animals on the fig he was about to eat, and in the water he was about to drink.. He was astounded and saddened. He was then told that he could keep the microscope for any use he might have for it. With a flash of joy the Brahman tightened his grip on the glass, hurled it crashing on a rock, and then departed with a light heart. At one easy stroke he had destroyed the truth and saved his superstition!

We have in our own civilization thousands who are mental brothers to this clever Brahman—thousands who are determined to live in a rosy illusion about life. They are determined not to see the injustice and poverty that press so heavily upon the millions who do the hard work of the world. If by chance a well-wisher gives them a glimpse of the wrongs under the crust of our civilization, they cry, "alarmist!" "pessimist!"—thinking to destroy the unwelcome truth by destroying the unwelcome truth-bringer. They try to blot out the sun by pulling down the blinds! But even these comfortable moles will not deny the shame of the sweat-shop inferno.

Long before Hannah made a coat for little Samuel, women sat in the home at garment-making. The sweated sewing in the tenement home to-day—a family or more slaving in one room—is only a belated following of this custom of the ages. But the leisurely sewing of the old times was far

away from the nerve-racking work of our hurried age. The slow ways are gone. In unaired rooms, mothers and fathers sew by day and by night. And the children are called in from play to drive and drudge beside their elders. The strength and speed and skill of the hand workers are matched against the power and swiftness and cunning of the modern machine-equipped factory. Those in the home sweat-shop must work cheaper than those in the factory sweat-shops if they would drain work from the factory, which has already skinned the wage down to a miserable pittance.

"Sweat-shop" is a word which the conscience of the nation must yet make obsolete, as it made obsolete its old compeer, slave-pen. A sweat-shop is a place where the worker is at the mercy of middlemen, where his life-blood is sweated out by the pressure of the profit-sucking contractors piled on top of him. A clothing-dealer, for instance, orders from a wholesaler one thousand suits of clothes of all sizes. A contractor takes the order and "subs" it out to smaller contractors, who in turn "sub" it out to the tenement workers. Each middleman demands his profit; so the wage of the workers is cut very thin. The workers must press in their children to help. The older ones can go to the somewhat regulated factories; the younger ones must slave in the sweated homes. Thus the load falls upon the ones least able to bear it—upon the backs of the little children at the base of the labor pyramid.

But why should we complain? Is our system not based on profit? The oppressors of labor are concerned in making money, not in making men. Why should they hesitate to mix the marrow of children into their minted gold? Nevertheless, let their ill-got money be marked money. Let us strike from their unholy dollars the figure of Liberty, and stamp thereon the cross-bones and the skull!

The great unskilled masses of New York, and of every large city—foreigners ignorant of the language and customs of the country, as well as our own ineffectual and unskilled legions—all these hungry and shivering toilers, claiming the right to live, are forced into poorly paid tasks, tasks that can be easily learned and that too often demand only the demoralizing slop-work that marks cheap labor. The clothing-trade, with its subdivisions of labor, its system of piece or "team" work, offers the easiest opportunity to the untrained fingers of the needy. The regular factory gives out its coat in nineteen stints, its shirt in seven. What cannot be done by machinery, what is too ill-paid for even the regular factory, is thrust out to the home factory. Thus it is that unbelievable sweating is carried on in the pitiful places called "homes," where the needy are crowded into the sties and warrens of our cities, some of the proudest cities yet ushered into history. Thus it is that this trade of preparing clothing for the body is the most degraded and the most unguarded of all our industries.

Use and beauty—these should be the ends of all human effort. But the competitive struggle swings us away from this high ground, and plunges us into a quagmire fight for cheap goods and cheap labor. So everywhere there is effort to whittle down the wage. The contractor, or middleman, pushed on by a superior behind him, has only one thought—how to get his work done as cheaply as possible. "Much for little" is his golden text. He will avoid the expense of factory space, factory overseers, and factory machinery; also the expense of light, fuel, and storage. By shoving his work into the homes of the workers and making them assume these expenses, by forcing the workers to bid against one another in their workshop homes, by continual hounding for haste, and by ingenious dockings for tardiness, dirt-spots, loose stitches, and all the other petty mistakes of dreary, exacting needledom, the middleman squeezes out his sweated gains, his usury of flesh and blood. The workers find themselves forced into long hours and driven to take the help of their children whose roof and loaf are at stake. Is it any wonder that, under this exploitation of young and old, the garment-makers of the nation are the most beaten down of all our toiling millions?

In three hundred out of five hundred homes, women and children must work to eke out the living. Fourteen to sixteen hours is the usual stretch of this long working-day. A child frequently earns only one cent an hour; while the sweater figures so that a woman shall not earn more than ten cents. The average income of the whole family is five dollars and seventy cents a week. Sometimes in a rush order the elders can sleep only five hours of the

twenty-four. An order must be finished on time and be back on time, though all other activities of the house should cease. The sewing-machine must whir, the fingers must fly. Little and big must toil, ever-hastening, never-resting, to get the work out and to get home more work to hold the job. For worse than all work is no work; and the slack spells may fall on any day.

Poverty walls the children from play and school. When the wolf whines at the door, all hands must hold the bar. Every finger can do a little. A child under three can help at sorting beads for embroidering slippers and purses, or at stringing petals for artificial flowers. A child a little older can sew buttons on cards, or sew buttons (twelve to a pair) on the endless piles of trousers ("pants" is the tenement name for them) that are continually being sent out for finishing. Girls of ten or twelve can hem towels or make plain aprons. Older girls can make boys' summer suits of reefers and trousers for which they get thirty-five cents a dozen. For a dozen kimonos they get sixty cents. A girl can run a sewing-machine all day for a number of years. She may imperil her health, and destroy her usefulness as a mother of children. But never mind: she can sit in a corner by and by and work eyelets in shirt-fronts at four cents a dozen shirts. A young boy, his bones yet in the gristle, may run a buttonhole machine, one foot only on the treadle. He is threatened with curvature of the spine, owing to constant pressure upon one side of his body. But never mind: there are hospitals for those who get too crooked. And, as one of these tired mothers said, "the graveyard always stands the friend of the poor."

BUT NEVER MIND: THERE ARE HOSPITALS FOR THOSE WHO GET TOO CROOKED

The sweat-shop army works long hours, and does work necessary for the comfort of us all. We have seen how it is paid; let us see how it is housed. In a true civilization, property would be based on service, and the workers would live in beautiful homes. Only idlers would live in hovels. But what happens to our useful needle-folk? They are often driven into ramshackle buildings to be near neighbors to the rats in the sewers and the worms in the rotting wood. In these homes, discomfort is lord chamberlain, and disease the bed-fellow. The houses are ice-boxes in winter and ovens in summer. Every door is death's door; for the bacilli of consumption are a dust on the walls and ceilings. Three out of five of these doomed workers who are making our clothes are led down to death by the White Plague.

Are there not other places with cleaner, lighter, airier rooms? Yes; but the sweat-shoppers must be near the work that gives them their short leave to be alive. The sewing-trade is highly specialized: it is spasmodic and shifting. Therefore the contract shops must be close together, and close to an enormous central market. The locality is thus conditioned by the trade. The tenements provide the accommodations that the scant, uncertain wage of the worker can command. He must be where he can pay the rent that is his terror —the rent that the "cockroach" landlord (the subletting landlord) is forever raising as the slender fortunes of the needle-folk go up. Only those who know the hard grind can understand the dread of dispossession forever haunting the minds of the workers living on the crumbling verge of the abyss. Food and clothes they can minimize; but the rent-taker, like death, must have his dole.

These unlit, unlovely homes, which the sweated sewers struggle so hard to hold, have only an average of three rooms. Thousands of rooms in these tenements depend upon grimy air-shafts for their scanty light. The room where the light comes in must be the place of cooking, eating, and working—perhaps also the place of sleeping, with mattresses spread out on the floor at night for boarders. For even these

three rooms must often be shared with boarders to reduce the rent. The average rent is nine dollars a month. The average monthly income of the husband (if husband there be) is only fifteen dollars. So it takes over two weeks' work to pay one month's rent. As the average family is four or five, it needs no higher mathematics to see that every expense must be whittled, and every asset made to count, if even hunger is shut out.

Long, lowering tenements are yielded up to our sweat-shop infernos. There are twenty-three thousand licensed "home factories" in New York city alone. There are perhaps as many more in the three hundred and sixty thousand dark rooms of our Babylon—in the back stories of the "double-decker" tenements, in the cellars, cabins, and shanties that no inspector has ever scented out. In one square mile of these tenements, six hundred thousand people are crowded, perhaps the most densely packed mound of human ants upon this planet. The Rev. Doctor Behrends found, in a block off Hester Street, a room twelve by eight and five and a half feet high, in which nine persons slept and cooked and worked. In another room, located in a basement, were living, working, and sleeping two men with their wives, a girl of fourteen, a boy of seventeen, two single men, two women, and four boys just entering their "teens." Packed together in that cellar room were fourteen human beings. What delicacy or decency of life is possible in such dehumanizing homes? It is in such mockeries of home that Drudgery wears its spiked crown. It is in such poverties that men drift beastward, women sink to haghood, and children wax old before they have tasted youth.

All the year in New York and in other cities you may watch children radiating to and from such pitiful homes. Nearly any hour on the East Side of New York city you can see them—pallid boy or spindling girl—their faces dulled, their backs bent under a heavy load of garments piled on head and shoulders, the muscles of the whole frame in a long strain. The boy always has bow-legs and walks with feet wide apart and wobbling. Here, obviously, is a hoe-man in the making.

Once at home with the sewing, the little worker sits close to the inadequate window, struggling with the snarls of the thread, or shoving the needle through the unwieldy cloth. Even if by happy chance the small worker goes to school, the sewing which he puts down at the last moment in the morning waits for his return. Never again should one complain of buttons hanging by a thread; for tiny tortured fingers have doubtless done their little ineffectual best. And for this lifting of burdens, this giving of youth and strength, this sacrifice of all that should make childhood radiant, a child may add to the family purse from fifty cents to one dollar and a half a week.

In the rush times of the year, preparing for the changes of seasons or for the great "white sales," there are no idle fingers in the sweat-shops. A little child of "seven times one" can be very useful in threading needles, in cutting the loose threads at the ends of seams, and in pulling out bastings. To be sure, the sewer is docked for any thread left in, or for any stitch broken by the little bungling fingers. The light is not good, but baby eyes must "look sharp."

A dismal room lit by one window, a weary mother sewing, with piles of garments heaped on bed and floor—this is the last scene that will stay in the memory of little Lena Meyers. One night, to help her mother, she was busily ripping bastings with a pair of big scissors, her face held close to her work. At a sudden jerk she rammed a scissor-blade into her left eye. At the free hospital she could say only, "Me was des helping mama." Several experimenting young doctors, by the careless use of an astringent, put out the other eye. So Lena is blind for life for "des helping mama." Down in this dim underworld, poverty lays hourly on the children squalors and hungers, and in freakish moments strikes them with the indignity of accident.

In the faint light of grimy, vile-smelling rooms, pressing up to the window, or straining under the ghostly gas-jet, sit the tired mothers and children of the tenements, stitching garments for New York and for the nation. Contrast a December night in these homes that are never in order, and never have any leisure, with a winter night in a hundred homes you know, where mothers, born under happier stars, sit before cozy fires with their laughing little folk about them at games and songs and books. "Home and mother!" These old syllables strike tender chords in the heart. Yet we have desert regions in our cities

WHILE OTHER CHILDREN ARE PLAYING WITH DOLLS AND MUD PIES, THESE "LITTLE MOTHERS" ARE COOKING, AND TENDING BABY

where there are children, but no home, no mother. "Home and mother!" Our grim system forces hundreds of thousands to lose the meanings of these sweet old words.

We are told that we must "maintain the home." A soldierly phrase, a phrase of good command! But let us first see to it that our homes are fit to be maintained. What sort of homes are we maintaining in the working quarters of our great cities? What sort of homes are those where the utmost will to work cannot insure roof and loaf; where leisure and beauty are left out of life; where the child must leave the cradle only to concern itself with earning niggardly pennies to keep its little empty life agoing?

There is a law in New York requiring, in every home factory, a printed license from the commissioner of labor, declaring the building and its labor conditions to be sanitary. Inspectors issue orders looking to cleanliness and safety, and the cloud would lift a little if these orders could be enforced. But our small corps of inspectors is entirely inadequate to keep track of an ever-shifting army of sweated workers in a great city. The first effect of the license ordinance was to raise rents. The dice are loaded against the worker; so the poor sweat-shopper is forced, in the long run, to bear the expense of the renovation of the old rookeries. It all comes back to the landlord in raised rents. Need we wonder that the ill-starred workers are often flitting from cranny to cranny, from hiding to hiding, in a wild effort to evade the hated inspectors? If by chance a "meddlesome" official insists upon light and air, and debars little children from work, it is easy to steal away to other holes and alleys, and be lost in the surging herds of the miserable. This is easier than to obey the intermittent "vagaries" of boards of health, of factory inspectors, and of truant officers, who do not seem to understand that the rent must be paid, whatever fate may be drawn down upon the family.

Besides work at sewing, there is another industry for little girls in the grim tenements. The mother must be busy at her sewing; or perhaps she is away from dark to dark at office cleaning. A little daughter, therefore, must assume the work and care of the family. She becomes the "little mother," washing, scrubbing, cooking, caring for the other children; carrying coal, ashes, water; doing the errands and shopping for the young ones below her and the elders above. While other children are playing with dolls and mud pies, these "little mothers" are cooking, and tending baby. "My baby's teething; I had to walk with my baby all night, so's't mama could sleep,"

said a heavy-eyed nine-year-old. "I had to walk, 'cause I'd go to sleep myself if I stopped walking." Another "little mother," taken to the hospital, would not lie straight in her cot that first time in her life she had ever slept alone. "If I can hug the pillow on my cuddle arm," said she, "I don't feel so lonesome; 'cause then I can make believe it's my baby."

Is it not a cruel civilization that allows little hearts and little shoulders to strain under these grown-up responsibilities, while in the same city a pet cur is jeweled and pampered and aired on a fine lady's velvet lap on the beautiful boulevards?

Some of the children in the factories of our great cities, in spite of false certificates as to age, are "rounded up" by truant officers and forced into school until they reach their working-age at fourteen. But the little children of the home sweat-shop, hidden in dark tenements and huddled at their needles, may reach their majority without being run down. Mrs. Lilian Betts found in one tenement-house twenty-three persons over eighteen years of age, born in this country, who had never attended school. In New York city alone, sixty thousand children are shut up in the home sweat-shops. This is a conservative estimate, based upon a recent investigation of the lower East Side of Manhattan Island, south of Fourteenth Street and east of the Bowery. Many of this immense host will never sit on a school bench.

Every garment worn by man, woman, or child, may be made in the home sweat-shop. Nine-tenths of the clothing emanating from New York city is made wholly or partly in these sorry places. Frequently these shops are radiating centers for disease germs. This gruesome fact does not concern New York alone; for New York is the fountain of supply for the whole nation. The fountain-head of a river may contaminate the waters of every stream and cistern between the mountains and the sea.

In England, in the early nineteenth century, a jet of poison spurted up out of a dingy Whitechapel sweat-shop into the splendid drawing-rooms of St. James. Heavenly Powers! Here was something to astound a nation. Disease and poverty were nothing to our bewigged and gartered parliaments, so long as they stayed pent up in the corrals and warrens of the disinherited poor. But when disease, fathered by poverty, showed its horrible face on palace floors, amazement stared, alarum sounded, England was on guard.

What caused this cry at the gates, this rush to rescue? The daughter of Sir Robert Peel was mysteriously stricken with typhus. The infection was traced to a stylish riding-habit ordered and fitted at a correct Regent Street shop, but finished in the tenement of a starving tailor with two children lying ill of fever. When their shivering spells were on, the destitute tailor had flung the heavy robe over his fever-stricken little ones. It was not the first time that the plague of the toiling poor invaded the sanctuary of the mighty. It was not the last time. Hundreds of our own epidemics, emptying our schools and desolating our homes, are due to the desperate conditions under which many of our workers are forced to do their work. And of the nearly two hundred million dollars' worth of garments manufactured yearly in New York city, nine-tenths goes to the wardrobes of our citizens, wholly or partly, by the weary and pestilent way of the sweat-shop.

Dr. A. S. Daniel, for nineteen years a worker among the poor, has seen hundreds of little ones sick with some contagious disease, while on the infected beds were scores of little garments in preparation for the stores and homes of America. The "pants" of the tenements have many times been the pillows and coverlets of measles, scarlet fever, and diphtheria. The Rev. Mr. Swaffield of the Bethel Mission, in Boston, tells of finding two little scarlet fever patients bedded on piles of unfinished trousers. The coat of a hundred-dollar dress-suit being made for a fashionable Broadway firm, was recently discovered in a tenement, lying on the bed of a festering worker down with smallpox. It is to the comfort of opera-box and dinner party that they do not always know the genesis of their adornments.

A well-known member of Sorosis, lately speaking to that club, told of visiting a sweat-shop home, where the father, hectic and wan with advanced tuberculosis, lay on a rickety bed adjoining the bed of a babe ill with measles. The child's bed was a board laid upon two chairs. Spread over the feet of both patients was an expensive cloak of silk lined with squirrel-skin. From a fashionable shop on Broadway the mother had brought the garment to be lined,

and was now out for trimmings for the last touches. Here, poisoning this elegant wrap, were consumption, the most deadly of all diseases, and measles, the most infectious of all diseases. Perhaps in that Sorosis audience sat the woman who was wearing that very cloak, a woman who would on entering her own beautiful home reach out her arms to her own helpless babe, and in that glad embrace send into its little frame the seeds of disease, if not of death.

Mr. Henry White, formerly general secretary of the United Garment Workers of America, testifies that high-priced garments, needing much hand work, are really in more danger of infection than garments of the cheaper sort. The manager of one of the best known clothing-houses in New York city says, "If people knew under what conditions their clothes are made in the sweat-shops, how the workers are forced to throw them about in dirty rooms, on beds and floors, they would not buy them nor wear them."

There is a contagious eye-disease (pink-eye) brought on, or fostered, in the sweat-shop by absence of light and presence of filth. Are you sure, madam, that no germ of it has been left in the garments worn by your little ones—left by the little sweat-shop fingers that must stop at times to rub sore and sleepy eyes, while sewing for you and me? There is a certain disease of the scalp, foul-smelling and infectious. Little children scaling off this favus are frequently busy at garment-finishing. I hope, fastidious lady, that no unclean germ of it has reached your children by the perilous way of the sweat-shop palm and pillow.

Frequently doctors are not called even in dangerous diseases; so contagion is not reported. Cases are concealed, perhaps for lack of money; perhaps for fear that the patient will be taken away to the awful unknown of the hospital. In case of detection, the clannish tenement women, hearing the rumor that some neighbor has been quarantined by the board of health, will, with the ever-present "pants" under their arms, flock to the sick-room to condole with the family, keeping up their sewing and sighing around the infectious patient. No calamity must ever stop the bread-earning needles. Settlement workers tell me of a child, dead of diphtheria, that was kept three days in a closed room, while a stream of visitors, some bringing their sewing, passed in and out by day and night. An epidemic of diphtheria in a wealthy village a hundred miles from New York city was traced by chance to the "knee-pants" purchased from a traveling-agent selling the sweat-shop goods of New York. Misery scatters widely her seeds. They may take root in hovel or in mansion. Let us no longer shirk responsibility for our epidemics. They are not "the will of God"; they are the will of man.

But is nothing ever done to stay these evils? Yes; an inspector may fortunately raid an infected sweat-shop, and confiscate a load of goods. Some firms steam their garments, attempting purification. Yet there are germs that will live through extreme heat; and there are always homes that evade inspectors and health officers.

But more terrible than all the other disasters of the sweated homes is the spiritual disaster that sweeps over the souls of the children. Joseph Barondess says: "I have seen six little girls plying bruised fingers on heavy clothing in a Doyers Street tenement shop, while on the floor beside them lay a half-dozen opium fiends indulging in the drug." Indeed, poverty sends us hideous neighbors.

Again, there is a class of women drifted down from that terrible host "whose feet take hold on hell," a class that is forced at last into the cheap drudgery of the slop-shops. These poor hulks of womanhood, diseased, dissipated, depraved—these outcasts of the outcast, seeking bread, crowd into the crowded sewing-dens to sit and sew beside little innocent girls, and spread contagion. We are not yet skilled enough to know what spiritual contagion such creatures scatter on humankind; but we are not too ignorant to know of the physical infections such rotted humanity leaves on all it touches.

What is going to protect our homes, and deliver these little sewing-girls from the body of this death? What, indeed, is going to deliver all the weary and heavy laden from their unjust burdens? What will ever take the despair and danger out of the lives of the toiling millions? Nothing but the rise of men and women, resolute and consecrated—men and women sworn to sweep away this system of greed, this devouring of man by man. Love and Justice must find a working form down in this abyss of labor now ruled by Chaos and brute Chance.

The Moonlit Road

By Ambrose Bierce

Illustrated by CHARLES B. FALLS

I.—STATEMENT OF JOHN HETMAN, JR.

I AM the most unfortunate of men. Rich, respected, fairly well educated, and of sound health—with many of the advantages usually valued by those having them and coveted by those who have them not—I sometimes think that I should be less unhappy if they had been denied me, for then the contrast between my outer and my inner life would not be continually claiming a painful attention. In the stress of privation and the need of effort I might sometimes forget the somber secret ever baffling the conjecture that it compels.

I am the only child of my parents, John and Julia Hetman. The one was a well-to-do country gentleman, the other a beautiful and accomplished woman to whom he was passionately attached with what I now know to have been a jealous and exacting devotion. The family home was a few miles outside Nashville, Tennessee, a large, irregularly built dwelling of no particular order of architecture, a little way off the road, in a park of trees and shrubbery. At the time of which I write I was nineteen years old, a student at Yale.

One day I received a telegram from my father of such urgency that in compliance with its unexplained demand I left at once for home. At the railway station in Nashville a distant relative awaited me to apprise me of the reason for my recall: my mother had been barbarously murdered—why and by whom none could conjecture. My father had gone to Nashville, intending to return the next afternoon. Something prevented his accomplishing the business in hand, so he returned on the same night, arriving just before the dawn.

In his testimony before the coroner he explained that, having no latchkey and not caring to disturb the sleeping servants, he had, with no clearly defined intention, gone round to the rear of the house. As he turned an angle of the building, he heard a sound as of a door gently closed, and saw in the darkness indistinctly the figure of a man, which instantly disappeared among the trees of the lawn. A hasty pursuit and brief search of the grounds, in the belief that the trespasser was some one secretly visiting a servant, proving fruitless, he entered at the unlocked door and mounted the stairs to my mother's chamber. Its door was open, and he, stepping into black darkness, fell headlong over some heavy object on the floor. I may spare myself the details; it was my poor mother, dead of strangulation by human hands!

Nothing had been taken from the house, the servants had heard no sound, and excepting those terrible finger-marks upon the dead woman's throat—dear God! that I might forget them!—no trace of the assassin was ever found.

I gave up my studies and remained with my father, who, naturally, was greatly changed. Always of a silent, saturnine disposition, he now fell into so deep a dejection that nothing could hold his attention, yet anything—a footfall, the sudden closing of a door—aroused in him a fitful interest—one might have called it an apprehension. At any small surprise of the senses he would start visibly and sometimes turn pale, then relapse into a melancholy apathy deeper than before. I suppose he was what is called a "nervous wreck." As for me, I was younger then than now—there is much in that. Youth is Gilead, in which is balm for every wound. Ah, that I might again dwell in that enchanted land! Unacquainted with grief, I knew not how to appraise my bereavement; I could not rightly estimate the strength and terror of the stroke.

One night, a few months after the dreadful event, my father and I walked home from the city. The full moon was only

HARDLY HAD MY SHAKING HAND FOUND THE DOOR-KNOB WHEN—MERCIFUL HEAVEN!—I HEARD *IT* RETURNING

about three hours above the horizon, but the entire countryside had the solemn stillness of a summer midnight; our footfalls and the ceaseless song of the katydids were the only sounds aloof. Black shadows of bordering trees lay athwart the road, which, in the short reaches between, gleamed a ghostly white. As we approached the gate to our dwelling, whose front was in shadow, and in which no light shone, my father suddenly stopped and clutched my arm, saying, hardly above his breath:

"God! God! what is that?"

"I hear nothing," I replied.

"But see—see!" he said, pointing along the road, directly ahead.

I said: "Nothing is there. Come, father, let us go in—you are ill."

He had released my arm and was standing rigid and motionless in the center of the illuminated roadway, staring like one bereft of sense. His face in the moonlight showed a pallor and fixity inexpressibly distressing. I pulled gently at his sleeve, but he had forgotten my existence. Presently he began to retire backward, step by step, never for an instant removing his eyes from what he saw, or thought he saw. I turned half round to follow, but stood irresolute. I do not recall any feeling of fear, unless a sudden chill was its physical manifestation. It seemed as if an icy wind had touched my

face and enfolded my body from head to foot; I could feel the stir of it in my hair.

At that moment my attention was drawn to a light that suddenly streamed from an upper window of the house: one of the servants, awakened by what mysterious premonition of evil who can say, and in obedience to an impulse that she was never able to name, had lit a lamp. When I turned to look for my father he was gone, and in all the years that have passed no whisper of his fate has come across the borderland of conjecture from the realm of the unknown.

II.—STATEMENT OF CASPAR GRATTAN

To-day I am said to live; to-morrow, here in this room, will lie a senseless shape of clay that all too long was I. And if anyone lift the cloth from the face of that unpleasant thing, it will be in gratification of a mere morbid curiosity. Some, doubtless, will go farther and inquire, "Who was he?" In this writing I supply the only answer that I am able to make—Caspar Grattan. Surely, that should be enough; it has served my small need for more than twenty years of a life of unknown length. True, I gave it to myself, but lacking another I had the right. In this world one must have a name; it prevents confusion, even when it does not establish identity. Some, though, are known by numbers, which also seem inadequate distinctions.

One day I was passing along a street of a city, far from here, when I met two men similarly clad, one of whom, half pausing and looking curiously into my face, said to his companion, "That chap looks like 767." Something in the number seemed familiar and horrible. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, I sprang into a side street and ran until I fell exhausted in a country lane.

I have never forgotten that number, and always it comes to memory attended by gibbering obscenity, peals of joyless laughter, the clang of iron doors. So I say a name, even if self-bestowed, is better than a number. In the register of the potter's field I shall soon have both. What wealth!

Of him who shall find this paper I must beg a little consideration. It is not the history of my life; the knowledge to write that is denied me. This is only a record of broken and apparently unrelated memories, some of them distinct and sequent, like brilliant beads upon a thread, others remote and strange, having the character of crimson dreams with interspaces blank and black—witch-fires glowing still and red in a great desolation.

Standing upon the shore of eternity, I turn for a last look landward over the course by which I came. There are twenty years of footprints fairly distinct, the impressions of bleeding feet. They lead through poverty and pain, devious and unsure, as of one staggering beneath a burden—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

Ah, the poet's prophecy of Me—how admirable, how dreadfully admirable!

Backward beyond the beginning of this *via dolorosa*—this epic of suffering with episodes of sin—I see nothing clearly: it comes out of a cloud. I know that it spans only twenty years, yet I am an old man.

One does not remember one's birth—one has to be told. But with me it was different; life came to me full-handed and dowered me with all my faculties and powers. Of a previous existence I know no more than others, for all have stammering intimations that may be memories and may be dreams. I know only that my first consciousness was of maturity in body and mind—a consciousness accepted without surprise or conjecture. I merely found myself walking in a forest, half-clad, footsore, unutterably weary and hungry. Seeing a farmhouse, I approached and asked for food, which was given me by one who inquired my name. I did not know, yet knew that all had names. Greatly embarrassed, I retired and, night coming on, lay down in the forest and slept.

The next day I entered a large town which I shall not name. Nor shall I recount further incidents of the life that is now to end—a life of wandering, always and everywhere haunted by an overmastering sense of crime in punishment of wrong, and of terror in punishment of crime. Let me see if I can reduce it to narrative.

I seem once to have lived near a great city, a prosperous planter, married to a woman whom I loved and suspected. We had, it sometimes seems, one child, a youth of brilliant parts and promise. He is at all times a vague figure, never clearly drawn, frequently altogether out of the picture.

One luckless day it occurred to me to test my wife's fidelity in a vulgar, commonplace way familiar to everyone who has acquaintance with the literature of fact and fiction.

I went to the city, telling my wife that I should be absent until the following afternoon. But I returned before daybreak and went to the rear of the house, purposing to enter by a door with which I had secretly so tampered that it would seem to lock, yet not actually fasten. As I approached it, I heard it gently open and close, and saw a man steal away into the darkness. With murder in my heart, I sprang after him, but he had vanished without even the bad luck of identification.

Crazed with jealousy and rage, blind and bestial with all the elemental passions of insulted manhood, I entered the house and sprang up the stairs to the door of my wife's chamber. It was closed, but having tampered with its lock also, I easily entered, and despite the black darkness soon stood by the side of her bed. My groping hands told me that, although disarranged, it was unoccupied.

"She is below," I thought, "and terrified by my entrance has evaded me in the hall."

With the purpose of seeking her, I turned to leave the room, but took a wrong direction—the right one. My foot struck her, cowering in a corner of the room. Instantly my hands were at her throat, stifling a shriek, my knees were upon her struggling body, and there in the darkness, without a word of accusation or reproach, I strangled her till she died!

There ends the dream. I have related it in the past tense, but the present would be the fitter form, for again and again the somber tragedy reenacts itself in my consciousness—over and over I lay the plan, I suffer the confirmation, I redress the wrong. Then all is blank, and afterward the rains beat against the grimy window-panes, or the snows fall upon my scant attire, the wheels rattle in the squalid streets where my life lies in poverty and mean employment. If there is ever sunshine, I do not recall it; if there are birds, they do not sing.

There is another dream, another vision of the night. I stand among the shadows in a moonlit road. I am conscious of another presence, but whose I cannot rightly determine. In the shadow of a great dwelling I catch the gleam of white garments; then the figure of a woman confronts me in the road —my murdered wife! There is death in the face; there are marks upon the throat. The eyes are fixed on mine with an infinite gravity which is not reproach, nor hate, nor menace, nor anything less terrible than recognition. Before this awful apparition I retire in terror—a terror that is upon me as I write. I can no longer rightly shape the words. See! they——

Now I am calm, but truly there was no more to tell: the incident ends where it began—in darkness and in doubt.

Yes, I am again in control of myself, "the captain of my soul." But that is not respite; it is another stage and phase of expiation. My penance, constant in degree, is mutable in kind: one of its variants is tranquillity. After all, it is only a life-sentence. "To hell for life"—that is a fool penalty: the culprit chooses the duration of his punishment. To-day my term expires.

To each and all, the peace that was not mine.

III.—STATEMENT OF THE LATE JULIA HETMAN THROUGH THE MEDIUM BAYROLLES

I had retired early and fallen almost immediately into a dreamless sleep, from which I awoke with that vague, indefinable sense of peril which is, I think, a common experience in that other, earlier life. Of its unmeaning character, too, I was entirely persuaded, yet that did not banish it. My husband was away from home; the servants slept in another part of the house. But these were familiar conditions; they had never before distressed me. Nevertheless, the strange terror grew so insupportable that, conquering my reluctance to move, I sat up and lit the lamp at my bedside. Contrary to my expectation, this gave me no relief; the light seemed rather an added danger, for I reflected that it would shine out under the door, disclosing my presence to whatever evil thing might lurk outside. You that are still in the flesh, subject to horrors of the imagination, think what a monstrous fear that must be which seeks in darkness security from malevolent existences of the night. That is to spring to close quarters with an unseen enemy—the strategy of despair!

Extinguishing the lamp, I pulled the bedclothing about my head and lay trembling and silent, unable to shriek, forgetful to pray. In this pitiable state I must have lain for what you call hours—with us there are no hours, there is no time.

At last it came—a soft, irregular sound of footfalls on the stairs! They were

slow, hesitant, uncertain, as of something that did not see its way; to my disordered reason all the more terrifying for that, as the approach of some blind and mindless malevolence to which is no appeal. I even thought that I must have left the hall lamp burning and the groping of this creature proved it a monster of the night. This was foolish and inconsistent with my previous dread of the light, but what would you have? Fear has no brains; it is an idiot. The dismal witness that it bears and the coward counsel that it whispers are unrelated. We know this well, we who have passed into the Realm of Terror, who skulk in eternal dusk among the scenes of our former lives, invisible even to ourselves and one another, yet hiding forlorn in lonely places; yearning for speech with our loved ones, yet dumb, and as fearful of them as they of us. Sometimes the disability is removed, the law suspended: by the deathless power of love or hate we break the spell—we are seen by those whom we would warn, console, or punish. What form we seem to them to bear we know not; we know only that we terrify even those whom we most wish to comfort and from whom we most crave tenderness and sympathy.

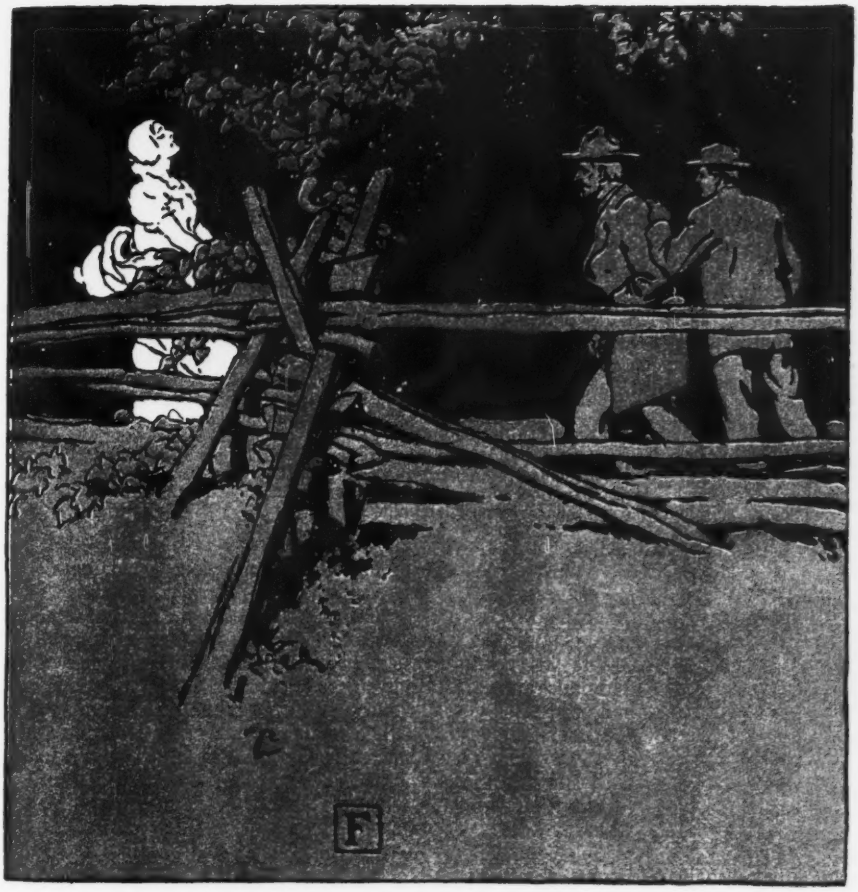
Forgive, I pray you, this inconsequent digression by what was once a woman. You who consult us in this imperfect way—you do not understand. You ask foolish questions about things unknown and things forbidden. Much that we know and could impart in our speech is meaningless in yours. We must communicate with you through a stammering intelligence in that small fraction of our language that you yourselves can speak. You think that we are of another world. No, we have knowledge of no world but yours, though for us it holds no sunlight, no warmth, no music, no laughter, no song of birds, nor any companionship. O God! what a thing it is to be a ghost, cowering and shivering in an altered world, a prey to apprehension and despair!

No, I did not die of fright: the Thing turned and went away. I heard it go down the stairs, hurriedly, I thought, as if itself in sudden fear. Then I rose to call for help. Hardly had my shaking hand found the door-knob when — merciful heaven! — I heard it returning. Its footfalls as it remounted the stairs were rapid, heavy, and loud; they shook the house. I fled to an angle of the wall and crouched upon the floor. I tried to pray. I tried to call the name of my dear husband. Then I heard the door thrown open. There was an interval of unconsciousness, and when I revived I felt a strangling clutch upon my throat—felt my arms feebly beating against something that bore me backward—felt my tongue thrusting itself from between my teeth! And then I passed into this life.

No, I have no knowledge of what it was. The sum of what we knew at death is the measure of what we know afterward of all that went before. Of this existence we know many things, but no new light falls upon any page of that; in memory is written all of it that we can read. Here are no heights of truth overlooking the confused landscape of that dubitable domain. We still dwell in the Valley of the Shadow, lurk in its desolate places, peering from brambles and thickets at its mad, malign inhabitants. How should we have new knowledge of that fading past?

What I am about to relate happened on a night. We know when it is night, for then you retire to your houses and we can venture from our places of concealment to move unafraid about our old homes, to look in at the windows, even to enter and gaze upon your faces as you sleep. For weeks I had lingered near the dwelling where I had been so cruelly changed to what I am, as we do while any that we love or hate remain. Vainly I had sought some method of manifestation, some way to make my continued existence and my great love and poignant pity understood by my husband and son. Always if they slept they would wake, or if in my desperation I dared approach them when they were awake, would turn toward me the terrible eyes of the living, frightening me by the glances that I sought from the purpose that I held.

On this night I had searched for them without success, and fearing to find them; they were nowhere in the house, nor about the moonlit lawn. For, although the sun is lost to us forever, the moon, full-orbed or slender, remains to us. Sometimes it shines by night, sometimes by day, but always it rises and sets, as in that other life. I left the lawn and moved in the white light and silence along the road, aimless and sorrowing. Suddenly I heard the voice of my poor husband in exclamations of astonishment, with that of my son in reassurance and dissuasion; and there in the shadow of a



THEIR FACES WERE TOWARD ME, THE EYES OF THE ELDER MAN FIXED UPON MINE. HE SAW ME—AT LAST, AT LAST, HE SAW ME!

group of trees they stood—near, so near! Their faces were toward me, the eyes of the elder man fixed upon mine. He saw me—at last, at last, he saw me! In the consciousness of that, my terror fled as a cruel dream. The death-spell was broken: Love had conquered Law. Mad with exultation I shouted—I *must* have shouted, "He sees, he sees: he will understand!" Then, controlling myself, I moved forward, smiling and consciously beautiful, to offer myself to his arms, to comfort him with endearments, and, with my son's hand in mine, to speak words that should restore the broken bonds between the living and the dead.

Alas! alas! his face went white with fear, his eyes were as those of a hunted animal. He backed away from me, as I advanced, and at last turned and fled into the wood—whither, it is not given to me to know.

To my poor boy, left doubly desolate, I have never been able to impart a sense of my presence. Soon he, too, must pass to the Invisible and be lost to me forever.

Jackson at New Orleans

THIS INSTALMENT OF THE "STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON" TELLS HOW THE MEN WHO HAD FOUGHT WITH WELLINGTON WERE HUMBLED AND ROUTED BY A FEW THOUSAND BACKWOODSMEN IN A FAMOUS BATTLE

By Alfred Henry Lewis

SYNOPSIS: The opening instalments tell the story of Jackson's removal in 1787 from North Carolina to the Cumberland region, his marriage and the complications which arose from it, his career in Tennessee, and his part in the Creek war of 1813. Appointed a major-general of the regular American army, Jackson now takes active part in the War of 1812. From his headquarters at Mobile he marches without orders on Pensacola when the British occupy this Spanish town. The Spaniards surrender, the British blow up the fort at Barancas, and take themselves off. Jackson arrives at New Orleans in December, 1814, and prepares its defense. The British destroy the flotilla on Lake Borgne, and land troops on Pine Island. Jackson sets out to meet them. In a series of engagements he saves the city from capture, and then prepares to meet a more determined assault.

XVI

THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY, 1815

BACK to his negroes and mules and carts and scrapers goes the general, and sets them to renewed hard labor on those immortal mud walls which he will never get too high. Those cotton bales, so distressing to Papa Planche and the Fathers, are eliminated, at which that paternal commander breathes freer. The hunting-shirt men, with each going down of the sun, resume their night-hawk parties, which swoop upon English sentinels, taking lives and guns.

The English themselves are a prey to dejection; the foe against whom they war is so strange, so savage, so sleepless, so coldly inveterate. Also those incessant night-attacks sap their manhood. Their earlier horror of the hunting-shirt men is augmented; for they have three times studied backwoods marksmanship from the standpoint of targets, and the dumb chill about their heart-roots is a testimony to its awful accuracy.

The general, who reads humanity as astronomers read the heavens, is not wanting in notions of the gloom which envelops the English like a funeral pall.

"Coffee," says he, at one of those famous war-councils of two, "in their souls we have them beaten. They will fight again, but only from pride. Their hope is gone, Coffee; we have broken their hearts."

The reports of the general's scouts convince him that the English will put a force across the river. In anticipation, he dispatches Commodore Patterson, with a mixed command of soldiers and sailors, to fortify the west bank. Commodore Patterson emulates the general's four-foot mud walls, and throws up a redoubt of his own, mounting thereon twelve eighteen-pounders taken from the *Louisiana*. He tries one on the English opposite. The result is gratifying; the gun pitches a solid shot all across the river and into the English lines.

Eight days pass by in Indian file, and Sir Edward Pakenham feels that, for his safety as much as his honor, he must attack the general, whose mud walls increase with each new sunset. The general foresees this, and has reports of Sir Edward's movements brought him every hour. On the morning of the eighth, his scouts wake him at two o'clock, and say that the English are astir. He is instantly abroad; the word goes down the line; by four o'clock every rifle is ready, every hunting-shirt man at his post.

The weak spot, the one at which Sir

Edward will level his utmost force, is where the general's line finds an end in the moss-hung cypress swamp. It is there he stations the reliable Coffee and his hunting-shirt men. To the rear, as a reserve, is General Adair, with what Kentuckians the good, unerring offices of those night-prowling hunting-shirt men have armed at the red expense of the English. In the center is the redoubtable Papa Planche and his Fathers. The Fathers are between the forces of the pirates Dominique and Beluche and Captain Humphrey of the regular artillery.

Six hundred yards in front of the general's mud walls, and near the river, are a huddle of plantation buildings. The English, he argues, will mask a part of their advance with these structures. The forethoughtful general prepares for this, and has furnaces heating shot to set them blazing at the psychological moment.

Sir Edward is quite as soon afoot as is the general. He finds his English steady yet dull; they will fight, but not with spirit. As the general assured the conferring Coffee, the hunting-shirt men, with their long rifles, like wands of death, have broken the English heart.

The English are to advance in three columns: General Keane on the left, with Rennie's rifles; in the center, Dale's Highlanders; on the right, where the main attack is to be launched, General Gibbs, with three thousand of the pride of England at his back. General Lambert is to hold himself in the rear of General Gibbs, with two regiments as a reserve. There are eighty-five hundred of the English, against which number the general opposes a scant thirty-three hundred. And yet upon those overpowering eighty-five hundred hangs a silence like a sadness, as though they are about to go marching to their graves.

The solemn fear in which the English hold the hunting-shirt men finds pathetic evidence. As the columns wheel into position, Colonel Dale of the Highlanders gives a letter and his watch to the surgeon. "Carry them to my wife," says he, "and tell her that I died at the head of my regiment."

Sir Duncan Campbell comes among his Highlanders wrapped in a cloak, and some one suggests that he lay it aside. "Never!" says he; "I'll peel for no American." And twenty-four hours later he is buried in that cloak.

The English stand to their arms, and wait the breaking of day. Slowly the minutes drag their leaden length along; morning comes at last. With the first gray-blue streaks, a Congreve rocket flashes skyward from Sir Edward's headquarters. The rocket is the English signal to advance.

In a moment, General Gibbs, General Keane, and Colonel Dale with his "praying" Highlanders are in motion. The signal rocket uncouples thousands upon thousands of fellow-rockets. The air is on fire with them; they blaze aloft in mighty arcs, to fall and explode among the hunting-shirt men.

"Toys for children, boys," cries the general. "They'll hurt no one."

The general is right. Those Congreve rockets are supposed to be as deadly as artillery; like many another commodity of war, meant primarily to fatten the pockets of contractors, they prove as innocuous as so many huge fireflies. The hunting-shirt men laugh at them. The hail of eighteen-pounders wherewith the English second that flight of rockets, is a more serious affair.

As the sun shoots up above the cypress swamp and rolls back the mists of morning, the English make a gallant picture. The dull yellow of the stubble in front of the general's line is gay with splotches of red and gray and green and tartan, the colors of the various English corps. The hunting-shirt men, however, are not given much space for admiration, for with one grand crash the big guns go into action, and the red-green-gray-tartan picture is swallowed up in powder smoke. And now the hot shot set fire to the plantation buildings. As the latter burst out at door and window in smoke and flames, Colonel Rennie and his riflemen are driven into the open. The sudden conflagration gets much in the English way, and spoils the drill-room nicety of Sir Edward's onset as he has it planned.

Colonel Rennie, being capable of brisk decision, makes the best of a disconcerting situation. When the flames and smoke from those fired plantation buildings drive him into the open before he is ready, he promptly orders a charge. This his rifle-corps obeys, for the inexorable Patterson across the river is already upon them with those eighteen-pounders, and his solid shot are mowing ghastly swaths through the rifle-green ranks, tossing dead men in the air like old bags. With so little inducement

to stand still, the rifle-corps hails that word to charge as a relief, and heads for the general's mud walls at double-quick.

The oncoming Colonel Rennie and his English are met full in the teeth by a tempest of grape from Captain Humphrey and the pirates Dominique and Beluche, which throws them backward upon themselves. They bunch up and clot into lumps of disorder, like demoralized sheep. At that, ever ready to push his business, Commodore Patterson serves his eighteen-pounders with multiplied speed, and the great balls tear those sheep-like lumps to pieces, staining with crimson the rifle-green. The English marvel at the artillery work of the general's men, whose every shot comes on, well aimed and low, bringing death in its whistling wake.

Colonel Rennie, when his English recoil, keeps on, face red with grief and rage. "It's my time to die," says he to Captain Henry; "but before I die, I shall at least see the inside of those mud walls."

Colonel Rennie is wrong. A bullet finds his brain as he lifts his head above the breastworks, and he slips back dead in the ditch outside. Major King and Captain Henry die with him, pierced each by a handful of bullets.

When the English flinch and Colonel Rennie falls, the bugler, a boy of fourteen, climbs a tree, not one hundred yards from the general's line. Perched among the branches, he sounds his dauntless charges. The general gives orders to let the boy alone; and so the little bugler, protected by the word of the general, winds his shrill onsets to the last.

Finally an artilleryman goes out to him. "Come down, my son!" says the cannoneer; "the war's about over."

Sir Edward's main assaulting force, General Gibbs's division, meets no fairer fortune than falls to Colonel Rennie by the river. Confusion prevails on the threshold of the movement; for Colonel Mullens of the Forty-fourth is not at his post to lead. The recreant makes a shameful tangle of the English van.

As a quickest method of setting the tangle straight, General Gibbs, as did Colonel Rennie, orders a charge. The column moves forward, the mutinous Forty-fourth led by its major. The shoulder of the corps brushes the cypress swamp. Behind the mud walls in its front, the steady hunting-shirt men are waiting. The general is there to give the latter patience, and hold them in even check.

"Easy, boys!" he cries. "Remember your ranges! Don't fire until they are within two hundred yards!"

On come the English. At six hundred yards, they are met by the fire of the artillery. They heed it not, but press sullenly forward, closing up the gaps in their ranks, where the solid shot go crashing through, as fast as made. Five hundred yards, four hundred, three hundred! Still they come on! Two hundred yards! And now the hunting-shirt men! A line of fire unending glances from right to left and left to right along the crest of those mud walls, and Death begins his reaping. The head of the English column burns away as though thrust into a furnace; the column wavers and wavers like a red ship in a sea of smoke; it pauses, falteringly, disdaining to fly, yet unable to advance.

"Forward, men!" shouts General Gibbs. "This is the way you should go!"

As he points with his sword to those terrible mud walls, the thirsty bullets drink his life.

XVII

THE SLAUGHTER AMONG THE STUBBLE

When the main advance begins, Sir Edward is in the center with the Highlanders. The latter are not to move until he has word of success from General Keane with Rennie's rifle-corps, and General Gibbs with the main column—the one by the river and the other by the cypress swamp. He is not made to wait; a courier dashes up from the river.

"General Keane?" cries Sir Edward, his apprehensions on edge.

"Fallen!" returns the courier hoarsely.

"And Rennie?"

"Dead, and his corps in full retreat!"

Sir Edward stands like one frozen; then he pulls himself together. "Bring on your Highlanders!" he cries to Colonel Dale. "We must force their line in front of General Gibbs. It is our only chance."

Sir Edward dashes across to General Gibbs, in the shadow of that significant cypress swamp. As he comes on, he sees General Gibbs go down. Also he sees the red column torn and twisted by that storm

From a painting by F. O. C. Darley

DEATH OF SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM, BRITISH COMMANDER AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

of lead which the hunting-shirt men unloose.

As the English reel away from those low-flying messengers of death, he seeks to rally them. "Are you Englishmen?" he cries. "Have you but marched upon a battlefield to stain the glory of your flag?"

Sir Edward's gesticulating arm falls, smashed by a bullet from some sharp-shooting hunting-shirt man. He seems not to know his hurt. He is on fire with the thought that those honors won upon forty stricken fields are to be wrested from him by a "Copper Captain," backed by a mob of peasants in buckskin. He rushes among the shaken English to check their panic.

The Highlanders come up.

"Hurrah, brave Highlanders!" shouts Sir Edward.

At Sir Edward's welcoming shout, Colonel Dale waves a salute. It is his last; the hunting-shirt men are upon him with those unerring rifles, and he falls dead before his general's eyes. Coincident with the fall of his beloved Dale, Sir Edward is struck by a second bullet. It enters near the heart. As his aide catches him in his arms, he beckons feebly to Sir John Tylden.

"Call up Lambert with the reserves!" he whispers.

As he lies supported in the arms of his aide, a third bullet puffs out his lamp of life, and England loses a second Sir Philip Sidney.

The main column now falls into renewed disorder. It begins to retreat; the retreat becomes a rout. Only the Highlanders stay—they cannot go forward; they will not go back. There they stand rooted until five hundred and forty of their nine hundred and fifty are shot down.

As the main column breaks, Major Wilkinson turns to Lieutenant Lavack. "This is too much disgrace to take home," says he.

Like Colonel Rennie, a mile away by the river, Major Wilkinson charges the mud walls. Lieutenant Lavack, sharing his feelings, shares with him in that desperate, disgrace-defying charge. Through the singing, droning "zip! zip!" of the bullets, they rush on. They reach the ditch, and splash through. Up the mud walls they rush. Major Wilkinson falls inside, dead, three times shot through and through. Lieutenant Lavack, with a luck that is like a charm, lands in the midst of the hunting-

shirt men without a scratch. They receive him hilariously, offering whiskey and compliments, and assure him that they like his style. Lieutenant Lavack accepts the whiskey and the compliments, and gains distinction as the one live Englishman over the general's mud walls this January day.

The field is swept of hostile English. All is silent in front, and not a shot is heard. Now that the firing is wholly on one side, the general passes the word for the hunting-shirt men to cease.

The hard-working Coffee comes up, his face a smudge of powder stains; for he has been taking his turn with a rifle, like any other hunting-shirt man. He finds the general as drunk on battle as some folk are on brandy.

"They can't beat us, Coffee!" cries the general, wringing the other's big hand. "By the living Eternal, they can't beat us!"

The general unslings his ramshackle telescope, and leaps upon the mud walls for a survey of the field. The less-curious Coffee devotes himself to wiping the sweat-and-powder smudges from his face. His impromptu toilet results only in unhappy smears, which make him resemble an overgrown sweep. He looks at his watch.

"Sharp, short work," he mutters, as he notes that they have been fighting but twenty-five minutes.

Those plantation buildings are still blazing, and the smoke hides the scene toward the river. The general turns his ramshackle spyglass upon his immediate front, where the ground is fairly carpeted with dead English. As he gazes, he calls down to General Coffee, who is now ingeniously broadening the powder smears with the sleeve of his hunting-shirt.

"Jump up here, Coffee!" cries the general. "It's like resurrection day!"

Thus urged, General Coffee abandons his attempts to improve his looks, and joins the general on the mud walls. He is in time to behold four hundred and odd Highlanders scramble to their brogues among those five hundred and forty who will never march again, and come forward to surrender.

It has been a hot and bloody morning. Of those six thousand whom Sir Edward took into action—for the reserves with General Lambert were never within range—over twenty-one hundred are fallen. Seven hundred and thirty were killed as they stood in their ranks, and of the fourteen hundred marked "wounded," more than six hundred are to die within the week.

Among the twenty-one hundred killed and wounded, sixteen hundred go to swell the red record of the dire hunting-shirt men. Since the two attacks were at the far ends of the general's lines, no more than two-thirds of his thirty-two hundred were involved. Saving the artillery, such forces in the center as Papa Planche's Fathers and General Adair's Kentuckians, who acted as reserves, were merest spectators.

General Coffee, still busy with the powder smears, calls the general's attention to an English group of three made up of a colonel, a bugler, and a soldier bearing a white flag. The trio halt six hundred respectful yards away. The bugler sounds a fanfare; the soldier waves his white flag.

The general dispatches Colonel Butler with two captains to receive their message. It is a note signed "Lambert," asking an armistice of twenty-four hours to bury the dead.

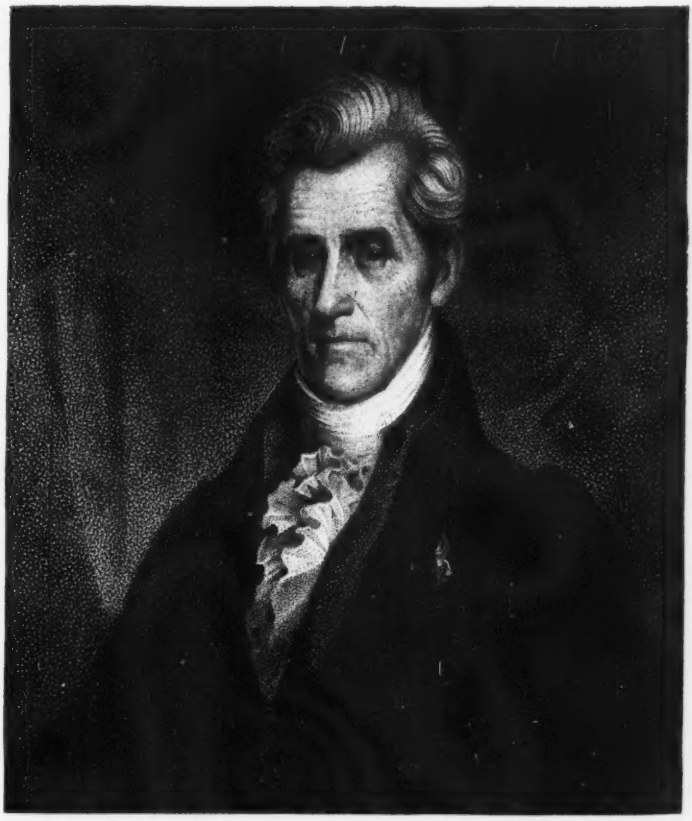
"Who is Lambert?" asks the general, and sends the English colonel, with his bugler and the soldier with the white flag, to find out.

The three presently return; this time the note is signed "John Lambert, Commander-in-Chief." This proves more to the general's liking, and the armistice is arranged.

The seven hundred and thirty dead English are buried where they fell. Thereafter the superstitious blacks will defy lash and torture rather than plow the land where they lie. It will raise no more sugar-cane; but in time a cypress grove will sorrowfully cover it, as though in mournful memory of those who sleep beneath. The general carries his own dead to the city. They are not many, eight dead and thirteen wounded being the limit of his loss.

General Lambert and the beaten English go wallowing, hip-deep, through the swamps to their boats. They will not fight again.

In the end the beaten English are all departed. That tremendous invasion which, with "Beauty and Booty!" for its cry, sailed out of Negril Bay six weeks before for the sack of New Orleans, is abandoned, and the last defeated man is once more aboard the ships and mighty glad to be there. The fleet sails south and east; but not until the



From a painting by R. E. W. Earl

ANDREW JACKSON AT THE AGE OF SIXTY

tallest ship is hull down on the horizon, does the general march into New Orleans.

The general cannot bring himself to believe that the retreat of the English is genuine. They still have full thirteen thousand fighting men aboard those ships, with a round one thousand cannon, and munitions and provisions for a year's campaign. He judges them by himself, and will not be convinced that they have fled. With this on his mind, he plants his pickets far and wide, and insists on double vigilance.

Now that the fear of the English is rolled like a stone from their breasts, the folk of New Orleans fret under the general's iron rule. With that the prudent general only tightens his grip. Even so excellent a soldier as Papa Planche complains. He says that the hearts of the Fathers of Families are bursting with victory, and that they are anxious to express their joy.

The general suggests that the joy-swollen Fathers repair to the cathedral, and hear the Abbé Du Bourg conduct a *Te Deum*.

Papa Planche points out that while a *Te Deum* is all very well in its way, it is a rite and not a festival. What his Fathers, who are thunderbolts of war, desire is to give a ball.

The general says that he has no objections to the ball.

Papa Planche explains that a ball is not possible with the city held fast in the controlling coils of military law. The rule that all lights must be out at nine o'clock of itself forbids a ball. As affairs stand, the Fathers are helpless in their happiness. No one may dance by daylight—that would

be too fantastic, too bizarre. And yet, what man can rejoice in the dark? It is against human nature, argues Papa Planche.

The general refuses to be moved. He continues to hold the city in his unrelenting clutch, maintaining the while a wary eye for sly returning English, with an occasional glance at the local treason which is simmering about him.

The public murmur grows louder and deeper. A rumor of peace comes ashore, no one knows how. The general refuses to give credence to the rumor, fearing an English ruse to throw him off his guard. At the peace-whisper, the popular discontent increases. The general, in the teeth of it, remains unchanged.

Citizen Hollander expresses himself with more heat than prudence. The general locks up the vituperative Citizen Hollander. M. Toussaud, consul for France, considers such action high-handed, and says so. The general marches Consul Toussaud out of town with a brace of bayonets at the consular back. Legislator Louaillier protests against the casting out of Consul Toussaud. The general consigns the protesting Legislator Louaillier to a cell in the calaboose. Jurist Hall of the district court issues a writ of habeas corpus for the relief and release of the captive Louaillier. The general responds by arresting Jurist Hall, who is given a cell between captives Louaillier and Hollander, where by raising his voice he may confer with them through the intervening stone walls.

Thus are matters arranged when official notice of peace reaches the general from Washington. Instantly he withdraws his grip from the city, restores the civil rule, and releases from captivity Jurist Hall, Citizen Hollander, and Legislator Louaillier. Upon the disappearance of martial law, Papa Planche, with his immortal Fathers of Families, gives his ball of victory, the exiled Consul Toussaud creeps back into town, while Jurist Hall signalizes his restoration to the woolsack by fining the general one thousand dollars for contempt of court—which he pays.

The legislature, guards withdrawn from its treasonable doors, expands into lawmaking. Its earliest action is a resolution of thanks for their brave defense of the city to officers Coffee, Carroll, Hinds, Adair, and Patterson. The legislature pointedly does not thank the general, who grins dryly. General Coffee, upon receiving the vote of thanks, writes a letter of acknowledgment in which he intimates his opinions of the general, the legislature, and himself. This missive is a remarkable outburst on the part of General Coffee, who fights more easily than he writes, and shows how he is stirred to his hunting-shirt depths.

Through the clouds of pestiferous jurists and treason-hatching legislators, comes a grand burst of sunshine. The blooming Rachel, as unlooked for as an angel, joins her gaunt hero in New Orleans. The general forgets alike his triumphs and his troubles; while Papa Planche—foremost in peace as in war—at once seizes on the advent of the blooming Rachel to give another ball.

The whole city attends the function, the heroic Fathers in full panoply, and very splendid. The gallant Papa Planche dances with the blooming Rachel. The general unbuckles in certain intricate breakdowns with which he challenged admiration in those days long ago when he was the beau of old Salisbury, and read law with Spruce McCay. The Fathers are not only edified but excited by the general's dancing, for he dances as he fights, violently.

General Coffee, not being a dancing man, goes looking about him. He discovers a flower-piece, prepared by Papa Planche, that is like unto a piece of flattery, with "Jackson and Victory!" in deepest red and green. He shows it to the general, who suggests that if Papa Planche had made it "Hickory and Victory!" it would mean the same, and save the euphony.

While the blooming Rachel, the general, the non-dancing Coffee, and the ardent Papa Planche, with the beauty and chivalry of New Orleans about them, are at the ball, Colonel Burr, gray and bent and cynical, is talking with his friend Swartwout in far-away New York.

"It was a glorious, a most convincing victory!" exclaims Mr. Swartwout. "President Madison cannot do the general too much honor. He has saved the country."

"He has saved," returns the ironical Colonel Burr, "what President Madison holds in much greater esteem—the Madison administration."

(To be continued.)

The Ordinary Woman

By Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer

With frontiepiece illustration by H. C. WALL

No writer, it is ventured, of any period, ever presented so sympathetic and human a pen-picture of what we often unthinkingly term the "ordinary woman" as has Mrs. Gilmer in the remarkable article here printed. Read it through and you will be ready to thank us for opening your eyes to the profound merits of the noblest type of femininity in all the world—the "ordinary woman."—Editor's Note.

I WISH that I had the distributing of some of Andrew Carnegie's medals for heroes. I would give one to just the Ordinary Woman. It is true that she never manned a lifeboat in a stormy sea, or plunged into a river to save a drowning person. It is true that she never stopped a runaway horse, or dashed into a burning building, or gave any other spectacular exhibition of courage.

She has only stood at her post thirty, or forty, or fifty years, fighting sickness and poverty and loneliness and disappointment so quietly, with such a Spartan fortitude, that the world has never even noticed her achievements; and yet, in the presence of the Ordinary Woman, the battle-scarred veteran, with his breast covered with medals signifying valor, may well stand uncovered, for one braver than he is passing by.

There is nothing high and heroic in her appearance. She is just a commonplace woman, plainly dressed, with a tired face and work-worn hands—the kind of woman that you meet a hundred times a day upon the street without ever giving her a second glance, still less saluting her as a heroine. Nevertheless, as much as the bravest soldier, she is entitled to the cross of the Legion of Honor for distinguished gallantry on the Battlefield of Life.

Years and years ago, when she was fresh and young and gay and light-hearted, she was married. Her head, as is the case with most girls, was full of dreams. Her husband was to be a Prince Charming, always tender and considerate and loving, shielding her from every care and worry. Life itself was to be a fairy tale.

One by one the dreams fell away. The husband was a good man, but he grew indifferent to her before long. He ceased to notice when she put on a fresh ribbon. He never paid her the little compliments for which a woman's soul hungers. He never gave her a kiss or a caress, and their married life sank into a deadly monotony that had no romance to brighten it, no joy or love to lighten it.

Day after day she sewed and cooked and cleaned and mended to make a comfortable home for a man who did not even give her the poor pay of a few words of appreciation. At his worst he was cross and querulous. At his best he was silent, and would gobble his food like a hungry animal and subside into his paper, leaving her to spend a dull and monotonous evening after a dull and monotonous day.

The husband was not one of the fortunate few who have the gift of making money. He worked hard, but opportunity does not smile on every man, and the wolf was never very far away from their door.

Women know the worst of poverty. It is the wife, who has the spending of the insufficient family income, who learns all the bitter ways of scrimping and paring and saving. The husband must present a decent appearance, for policy's sake, when he goes to business; certain things are necessities for the children; and so the heaviest of all the deprivations fall upon the woman who stays at home and strives to make one dollar do the work of five.

This is the way of the Ordinary Woman;

and what sacrifices she makes, what tastes she crucifies, what longings for pretty things and dainty things she smothers, not even her own family guess. They think it is an eccentricity that makes her choose the neck of the chicken and the hard end of the loaf and to stay at home from any little outing. Ah, if they only knew!

For each of her children she trod the Gethsemane of woman, only to go through that slavery of motherhood which the woman endures who is too poor to hire competent nurses. For years and years she never knew what it was to have a single night's unbroken sleep. The small hours of the morning found her walking the colic, or nursing the croup, or covering restless little sleepers, or putting water to thirsty little lips.

There was no rest for her, day or night. There was always a child in her arms or clinging to her skirts. Oftener than not she was sick and nerve-worn and weary almost to death, but she never failed to rally to the call of "Mother!" as a good soldier always rallies to his battle-cry.

Nobody called her brave, and yet, when one of the children came down with malignant diphtheria, she braved death a hundred times, in bending over the little sufferer, without one thought of danger. And when the little one was laid away under the sod, she who had loved most was the first to gather herself together and take up the burden of life for the others.

The supreme moment of the Ordinary Woman's life, however, came when she educated her children above herself and lifted them out of her sphere. She did this with deliberation. She knew that in sending her bright boy and talented girl off to college she was opening up to them paths in which she could not follow; she knew that the time would come when they would look upon her with pitying tolerance or contempt, or perhaps—God help her!—be ashamed of her.

But she did not falter in her self-sacrifice. She worked a little harder, she denied herself a little more, to give them the advantages that she never had. In this she was only like millions of other Ordinary Women who are toiling over cooking-stoves, slaving at sewing-machines, pinching and economizing to educate and cultivate their children—digging with their own hands the chasm that will separate them almost as much as death.

Wherefore I say the Ordinary Woman is the real heroine of life.

A Jewel Song

By Clarence Urmy

THREE gems upon a golden chain
I ever keep,
Clasped 'round my neck in joy, in pain,
Awake, asleep.

The red of flame, the green of Spring,
The white of tears
Glow, gleam, and sparkle on my string
Of golden years.

The ruby of the Present, bright,
Of value vast,
The Future's emerald, and the white
Pearl of the Past.

MAGAZINE SHOP-TALK

ANOTHER year dawns. The rotation of years has witnessed many movements for the uplifting of mankind, but child labor is still with us, firmly entrenched with all its atrocious aspects. Will this year see the beginning of its end? Condemned, as a repulsive feature of our industrialism, by everyone of humane instincts, it is upheld only by those who turn it into profit. This New Year sees, as the last one saw, two million children at work, the helpless prey of factory, mine, and shop. This condition of things worse than savagery must be done away with. It must give place to a system which will forever forbid its reëstablishment. If it cannot be abolished this year, it can be eventually, and for that end we must all work.

With the advent of the New Year we can be excellently prepared for rainbow pictures of our country, our civilization, and our destiny. But is either our country or our civilization so glorious as we are told, when the fact remains that children must drudge away in work which able-bodied men ought to do and can do? The very phrase "child labor" is a sufficient commentary on the kind and quality of our civilization. In ancient Egypt hundreds of thousands of slaves toiled and died in building the monuments of kings, but there is no record that children were impressed. The bushman of Australia is a sorry specimen, yet nothing that he wears, eats, or uses is stained with the tears of children. The wild men of the Congo region are objects of pity, but they know no such abomination as a condition which compels their children to work for the profit of others. Ours is the only system which sanctions this. We call it civilization, we eulogize it, and then, with sleek comfort, assure ourselves that we are a very superior people.

So accustomed are we to conventional New Year's ebullitions, too often poor in thought and stale in language, that it would be refreshing to be roused by a departure from the routine after some such fashion as this:

"New Year's Day is one of anticipation. The past is irrevocably behind us; the future, with all its vast possibilities, looms large before us. We are not mere cattle that we should eat, drink, and sleep in stupefied content. That divine spark which animates us to seek progress is deep within us. Ever forward must we go, not backward.

"Ours is to find out what great wrongs must be corrected, what national evils wiped out, so that they shall no longer constitute an obstacle to the ascent of mankind.

"How can our minds be at peace, how can we abide in comfort, when we know that we have a system which, among other evils, compels millions of children to work for a living? Of all things, this is the most monstrous. Childhood should have the finest influences devisable by man—recreation, education, and inspiring home surroundings. No child should be thrown into that harsh industrial environment which grown-up people find repellent enough. Children were not born to be made the companion-pieces of machinery, and when

drained of their health cast aside like rubbish; it was not intended that they be made the instruments of man's lust for gain.

"The child slaves are nothing, little nobodies. We give them no attention. We placidly go our way without a thought of their welfare, and the men who turn the flesh of these children into dividends get our respectful admiration. A savage would look upon these men with intense loathing. We make them highly respectable and call them 'captains of industry.' Nay, more, we sit humbly by and let them make our laws, create our public sentiment, and rule us. For such is our system, and we are civilized!"

No doubt Edwin Markham's splendid articles on child labor, now running in the COSMOPOLITAN, are not relished by the men who profit from child labor, if, indeed, these men are reading them. Mr. Markham shows the heart-rending misery of it all, the children crushed under premature burdens, their physical being stunted, their minds closed to everything beautiful in books and nature, and subjected to degrading influences. And, with all his earnestness, he has written without exaggeration. We have received an enormous amount of testimony to this fact, not only from students of the matter, but from those who have been child slaves themselves. One of these letters we quote. It comes from the Rev. T. W. Williams, of Gardena, California.

October 30, 1906.

Editor, COSMOPOLITAN.

MY DEAR SIR: God speed your crusade to strike the shackles from the child slaves of America. Herewith find application for membership in the Child Labor Federation. Full well do I know what this question means to thousands of boys and girls. The horrible nightmare of ten years of servitude in the coal-fields of Ohio, West Virginia, Kansas, and Iowa is ever with me. The death of my father and the consequent dependence of mother and sisters forced me into the mines at eleven years of age (many boys go at eight and nine). Edwin Markham has not overdrawn the picture. It is not lurid enough. He has only been allowed to penetrate the surface. He could not do otherwise. No outsider can. One must live the life as we have to sense the depth and degradation of these mental and physical dungeons. I have worked in nearly every capacity from trapper to boss, and know whereof I speak. The cunning and criminal evasion of law, the conniving of the minions of the law with the lawbreakers, the wanton and ruthless sacrifice of human life, the infernal means adopted in multiplied forms to coerce and force the dependent employee into passive submission—all this, aye more, the American people should know.

By an indomitable effort I freed myself from this thraldom, but my sympathy is with the rank and file of the underground toilers of the world. These people are creatures of circumstance. They are hedged in by environment. If saved at all, it will be through a general social awakening.

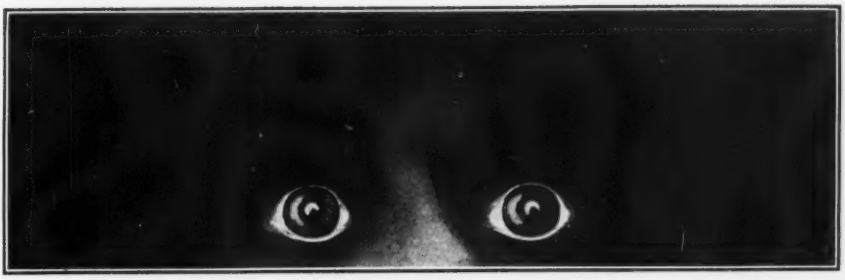
The COSMOPOLITAN fully sees the extent and shame of child labor, and is determined to put the facts in all their hideousness before the people. The moral feeling of the American people must be stirred to action, to the end that child labor be extinguished in this country forever.

President Roosevelt has spoken of the abolition of child labor as "one of the most vital needs of modern American life." In his recent speech at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, which was full of vigorous opinion upon issues that concern the happiness and prosperity of the nation, the President did not neglect this subject. He said:

"One subject which every good citizen should have at heart above almost all others is the matter of child labor. Everywhere the great growth of modern industrialism has been accompanied by abuses in connection with the employment of labor which have necessitated a complete change in the attitude of the state toward labor. This is, above all, true in connection with the employment of child labor. In Pennsylvania there has been made a beginning, but only a beginning, in proper legislation and administration on this subject; the law must, if necessary, be strengthened, and it must be rigorously enforced."

As matters stand at present the national government can do but little with this question, and the abolition of child labor still remains within the province of the state legislatures. Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt is determined to force the matter upon Congress, and has directed the Department of Justice to appoint Mrs. J. Ellen Foster a special commissioner to investigate the condition of working-children throughout the Union.

Furthermore, Senator Beveridge of Indiana will introduce a bill for the suppression of child labor, at the coming session of Congress. Thus there seems little doubt that the COSMOPOLITAN's fight against the most outrageous form that human greed has ever assumed will soon end in the liberation of two million child slaves and their restoration to the sacred rights and privileges of childhood.



The Eyes of Terror

A Story of an American Soldier in the Cuban Jungle

By Roy E. Norton

BARTH disappeared after the battle of San Juan Hill. He was posted as missing, as his body was not found among those who either twisted into silence or were carried moaning to the hospital tents after that day's interlocking with the Spaniards.

Barth had been anything but an old man when he enlisted; yet he had none of the lightness of youth. He was always taciturn, always waiting. That, at least, was the impression he made on his colonel, who developed an unusual interest in him. Waiting—yes, that was the word, just waiting. Otherwise Barth revealed nothing. No man knew his story, and none his real method in life. All anyone knew was that he was a soldier to make the heart glad, one to lighten the day's work by the mere watching of his soldierly perfection.

The last time the colonel or any of his fellows saw him was in the final charge at San Juan, when our men, with the goodly light of the fight in their eyes, and with dust and grime on their faces, went irresistibly upward. It was a new Barth they saw pass that day, not the one with the quiet face. A man transformed loped forward as if drunk with blood-lust and parched for one more draught of the battle's wine—a man whose turned-back hat-brim exposed a sweat-stained visage, and whose splendid muscles carried him with lithe, tiger-like springs. So he vanished.

Soon after the war the colonel was retired, by reason of his age, which was a sore trial to him. It is not pleasant to be set aside while yet you feel that, although your hair is gray, the blood and fire of earlier years are still in you. In the case of the colonel, the wanderings of all the years agone were as nothing compared with those that came when he no longer listened to the bugle-calls. Then, finally, this *Wanderlust* took him back to Cuba, and drove him far into the interior, restlessly roving. That roving led him into the Sierra de Maestra, which piles up along the coast-line a formidable rampart of green, and shuts out all view of the sunny land. And there the colonel found an end to the mystery of Sergeant Barth.

The colonel was riding, saddle-worn and careless, through the forest glades, urging his miserable mount forward with spur and whip, in the hope that he might come upon some place offering a night's rest, when he heard a voice in the jungle, and peering through the tangle in the direction whence it came discovered a tiny bridle-path leading off from the main trail. Naturally, he took it. He followed it into a little clearing that looked as if it had been dipped out from that sea of green by a gigantic hand; and

there he came plump against a cabin. In the door stood a man, cool, watchful, with no sign of either surprise or welcome. Then the colonel, as he went forward, saw that, despite the man's apparent carelessness, one hand was resting gently; but with a steady grip, on a huge army Colt's strapped to his hips. The man was Barth.

Not until the colonel recognized him and walked up with extended hand, did Barth give any sign of recognition. Then, as quietly as of old, he asked,

"Colonel, are you my friend?"

The old barrier between superior officer and non-com. was down, and the sergeant knew it by the way the colonel shook his hand.

"Barth, I'm glad to see you again," was the veteran's greeting.

"I have but one request," Barth rejoined; "that of a host who takes advantage of his position and begs you to say nothing of the past. To-night we can talk —not now."

Ever in the colonel's memory lingers a picture of that encircling jungle, which grew thick and rank around the cabin, spreading a shade of trees, a tangle of vines, and a blanket of creepers over dead men's bones—jungle where his horse had stumbled over bared skulls, the last somber relics in a country so infested and overridden by twenty years of war that the buzzards still hover in the skies from force of habit. That was the kind of jungle which halted around Barth's clearing, lying in wait to creep in stealthily, and there, too, bring obliteration. But another picture was indelibly impressed on the colonel that night by the entrance of a beautiful young Spanish woman, whose eyes, as she came in, touched those of Barth with a caress of adoration.

The dinner by candlelight was good, very good indeed to a man whose stomach rebelled against the everlasting sameness of Cuban cooking. And through it all Barth sat with a look of gloom in his eyes that told the woman that the stranger had brought nothing but trouble, and was a part of the curtain of mystery through which her love had never pierced. Prescience must have guided that girl-woman, for when after the meal Barth told her she had better go to bed, she looked shyly at the colonel, and then, as though casting him out, twined her arms around Barth's neck and looked long and steadily into his eyes, before saying to the stranger a formal "*Buenos noches, Señor.*"

It was in the tropical gloom, lighted only by stars, with fireflies weaving a fantastic atmospheric dance to night-birds' singing, that Barth told his story. The tale was punctuated with long pauses, when neither of the men spoke, and only the fitful fire of their pipes showed that here were two together. Barth's pipe went out as the story progressed, and the stem of the colonel's was bitten in two.

There is nothing much harder than to hear a game man, one who has pride in himself and his work, tell you of cowardice such as was his; particularly when the listener knows that the man is telling all this in order to explain—not palliate, he made no attempt at that—his desertion from a corps and a life of which he was proud. Barth gave the story, he said, because he wanted his officer's respect. By his own account, he had been well educated at the time when his boyish life became interwoven with that of the great frontier. Of course the blood pulsed hotly from his heart; otherwise he would not have sought the freedom of such an existence.

Barth early gained the reputation of being a game man, but at the same time one whose fearless determination was always for fair play. It was this that made him, at but three-and-twenty years of age, the sheriff of one of the biggest and roughest among the turbulent border counties. As sheriff he was a success and gained reputation. But into his territory there came one day the remnants of a band of outlaws who had terrorized their way from Cheyenne to Dodge, robbed trains and banks indiscriminately from Coffeyville to Corazon, and finally come to grief.

Barth was notified that two men on whose heads was set a price had taken refuge in the hills, and he decided to "go and get them." In his narrative, Barth insisted that it was in no spirit of bravado that he undertook the task single-handed, but rather because he expected only a peaceable surrender. It is likely, however, that he gave no thought to this feature of the affair, but went unattended because he was absolutely without fear. It was nearly dusk when he reached the outlaws' cabin, and he had dismounted and was standing in the door before they discovered his presence.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SPANISH WOMAN, WHOSE EYES TOUCHED THOSE OF BARTH WITH A CARESS OF ADORATION

Either because they were off their guard or because they did not know him, there was no disturbance when he entered, and no demonstration when he told them they were under arrest. And then Barth saw, to his amazement, that they were accompanied by a young woman. In her eyes blazed a fury toward him as an officer that at once led him to feel less confident of an amicable termination of his mission.

How it started he never could tell, but there was a spring, a flash, and a report, and Barth dropped to the floor with a bullet through his left shoulder. But as he went down he instinctively seized his gun, and his first shot in the turmoil brought down his assailant. Then, through the smoke of the room, shots flashed to and fro until Barth made for the open door, through which one man and the woman plunged ahead of him. What followed was not pleasant to hear.

Barth's accounting was that he was mad with rage and pain; that when he stepped from the door the remaining outlaw fired and missed; that the woman had a gun pointed at him, and that he blindly shot, first at her and then at the man. Both shots were fatal; and before he could realize what he had done, he saw the woman, done to death and with blood gushing in a torrent from a throat-wound, crawl over to the body of the outlaw, on which she fell.

"God knows, I didn't want to kill her," Barth said, in heart-hurt tones; "but I had run amuck with fighting fever, until streaks and bars of lurid red shot and shimmered before my eyes like the scarlet blaze of a fire-dancer's swirling skirts. I ran over to her and tried vainly to stanch the spurting flow of blood from her wound, but she died as I held her—died with a look that no man could ever forget, a look that carried neither pain nor regret, but rather a soul's threat.

"Colonel," he said, after a moment's silent struggle with his emotions, "I felt afraid even as I gathered up and tenderly straightened for the long sleep the body of the woman whom I had sent out; felt afraid as I smoothed back the tangled hair and tried to close and shut out the sight of those staring eyes—eyes that even through death's glaze looked at me with accusing fearlessness. There was something in them beyond my fathoming, as if at the last she had striven to stay and fight me still longer; as if, with life itself leaping to freedom through her wound, her one regret had been that she could not beg from death one blow to render me. I wish she had! I wish her desire could have been gratified!

"Of course the coroner's jury not only exonerated me for killing the woman, but I was lauded for killing the last of the Dierks gang, and was offered the reward. I couldn't take it, and shuddered when I returned it. But those were busy days for a sheriff in that county, what with a horse-thief to pick up here and there, and a thousand and one little things to attend to; so as time passed I forgot it all.

"Then came a night when I was hurriedly called down to Al Swift's saloon and dance-hall—a tough dive—where Big Bell, a notorious gun-man from over the border, had run everybody out and taken possession. He was pot-shotting the glassware when I arrived. I didn't have much fear of not being able to land him all right, so walked right in under the blanket of smoke that hung like a cloud above his head. I took no chances, but had the drop on my man as I jumped in; and then, even as I held my gun on him—I swear to you it's true—I saw peering over his shoulder the face of the woman I had killed the year before—saw her direful eyes fixed on mine, saw her lips curl into a triumphant smile, and I knew that I was weakening.

"How can I tell you of what happened! How can I sit here and tell you, Colonel, who used to respect me, that I stood still while Big Bell, a braggart, in front of the crowd that had followed me, walked deliberately over, wrested my gun from my unresisting, nerveless hand, threw it back of him on the floor, and then, as I stood mute and palsied with fear, spat in my face and threw me out of the saloon. And I, who had never been afraid of anything on earth, cried like a baby as a man led me from the gibing, taunting crowd to my room, where I might sob the night away and write my resignation from office.

"There is commiseration for the man who tries hard and fails, and sorrow for the man who gamely fights and falls; but for a coward nothing but pitiless comment and open jeer. That is the way of the West—my West, the one I knew and reveled in and loved as a man loves his sweetheart. Looming always before me was the certainty that never again could I look into the face of any man who had known me, without searching

into his eyes for the flicker of contempt that would never be found wanting. So in that gray hour when the slow dawn crept up over hills that stared blackly at me, when the dance-halls were all quiet and the click of the roulette wheels stilled, I saddled the only friend that did not know of my disgrace and rode away—rode like hell to escape memory—a hopeless and never-ending race.

"Then came years of cow-punching. Black years those, when for the first time in my life I drank and drifted, shot and shouted, and drained only the dregs of life without regret. And I made new friends, such as they were.

"Colonel, the next time she came to me was when the thudding hoofs of thousands of stampeding steers shook the ground behind me, as I vainly tried to head them. Up from the ground she came in the stormy night, with that same calm, menacing look in her eyes, and as she flashed past me into the gloom and the lightning's glare, back over that wildly tossing sea of glistening horns, fear gripped me by the heart until no steer in all that panic-stricken, frenzied band was more terror-mad than I. And as I swung out, deserting my duty, ripping my horse with cruel spurs that bit deep, and shredding his hide with insane strokes of a merciless quirt, I went through all the agony that I would have felt had the pointed hoofs of the herd been actually battering and churning me into a shapeless pulp beneath the lumbering bodies.

"I'm not sure that anyone else understood; but I knew. That was enough. So I rode for days until I came to the post. By this time terror had settled on me, and it was with a determination to whip either death or cowardice that I came to the Eighteenth. You know I was a good soldier, and that you yourself complimented me for bravery in that little affair down in the Tetons, and—and——"

The colonel felt the vibrant undertone of appeal in his voice, and answered,

"Barth, you were a good and a brave soldier."

Apparently somewhat encouraged, the man resumed his story.

"Only God and you and that woman know the fight I made. Only you three know that I spurred myself into all sorts of danger and all kinds of trials, in the hope that I would meet her again and that when I did I could conquer terror and again look my fellows in the face, knowing that when tried I should not be found wanting. The little things and little deeds came and went, and in those eight years I gained the good-will and, if I may be permitted to guess, the admiration of at least some members of the Eighteenth. But there was no grave test. In all that time I was a man at feud with himself.

"San Juan's early hours found me crying for the supreme trial. I fought, I met death; yet the woman came not. In a delirium of exultation over what I considered my liberation, I led the last charge, the one man perhaps who went up the lead-swept hill with a song of battle in his heart because he believed that his greatest fight had been won, and was elated that a thing greater than death, his own soul's cowardice, had been mastered. I charged like a drunken man, and surprised myself by singing, in a voice that seemed not my own, but rather the joyous call of one in ecstasy. I cheered the others on with a laugh, and felt as a boy playing some game and playing it to win. I ran lightly that I might be the first to meet the foe. I felt my fingers clench and unclench in the mad desire to come to a primitive man's conflict with the enemy, that I might have something tangible to seize and rend to overcoming.

"A gun before me belched forth, I heard the scream of flying missiles, and then she came—came in the smoke wreaths with all her terror, and as she looked into my eyes again I felt the cringing of cowardice. I tried to fight it off. The sweat on me grew cold, and with a trembling hand I emptied my revolver to where she hovered above me, threw it as an emptied piece of steel at her mocking face, and with one furious lunge rushed forward, hoping that I could grasp and tear her from the heart of the cloud that bore her. I clutched wildly at nothing, stumbled and fell upon my face and seized with sinewy grip the kindly grass and twisted it round and round my fingers, obsessed with shuddering fear and the awful knowledge that if I lost my hold I should take to flight.

"I felt my soul riven, riven and fluttering in that awful fight for moral courage, and as I pantingly struggled on I heard a cracked and tense-strung voice—not my own—crying through my bitten lips to God for help and mercy; heard it piteously plead

that I, John Barth, should not lose this last supreme fight with fear. It seemed that the very wind turned a tornado which shrieked and shrilled above me, and that bursts of demoniacal laughter rang in my ears. I felt the cold grip of her hands on my wrists, and felt the grass breaking, blade by blade, and with each parting knew that my heart and courage were failing and that when the last withe snapped I would no longer be able to hold myself. My bleeding fingers sought fresh anchorage, the turf tore loose from the roots, I was fairly lifted into the air and on my feet, and then, vanquished, with her laughter driving me on, I fled.

"Fled—I know not which way. It may be that I went toward the enemy and over him. I carried four wounds of which I knew nothing. I ran until my staring eyes lost sight, until my nerves lost feeling and my harried heart beat in my ears like the boom of an Indian war-drum. Through patches of jungle, across streams, and up mountainsides I made my way blindly, and always when I paused I felt back of me a presence worse than death stretching forth gaunt fingers to pull me down, or heard that cackling laugh taunting me with my overwhelming cowardice. My legs were great weights which stiffly threw me, and each time as I fell and would lift my face she would rise up before me. The dark recesses of the forests held her, and as I crossed the streams she stared at me with satirical contempt from the waters.

"I don't know how long the race lasted. As it neared its close, I remember automatically counting the dull pad of my feet as I ran across smooth places, and of thinking that the veins in my forehead had burst and were smearing my face with blood. I remember wondering why I did not bleed to death and wishing that I might, so that I could meet her on her own ground and beg her to let me rest.

"When I awoke it was to find myself a living skeleton, white-haired and convalescent from a fever. It was the girl you saw inside who pressed a cup of water to my lips and who has since been all of life to me. She alone of all the world does not believe me a poltroon. When night comes, and I sleep with a candle by my head to hold away the shadows, she alone has power to drive away that face. I am better buried in this place where no test of courage may come, buried alive where none may see me other than the girl who does not understand. You alone know my secret, and you——"

"Will keep it, Barth," the colonel interrupted softly.

It was long before the colonel went to sleep that night. The picture of a really brave man's misery so overwhelmed him that when consciousness at last gave way it was but to dream it all over again. Then suddenly from an adjoining room came a succession of agonized, heart-rending screams. The colonel sprang from his cot and rushed to the frail door, which he fairly tore from its hinges. And there, her face showing pallid in the candlelight, with outstretched hands, and walking backward, was the Spanish girl. And following her, with stealthy step, heeding not her sobbing cries for mercy, but muttering unintelligibly in an insane frenzy, was Barth, his white hair bristling, his head sunk between the quivering muscles of his shoulders, his attitude a picture of deadly ferocity gathered to launch itself forward on its victim—Barth, whose unquenchable gameness was struggling with his cowardice and driving his writhing, shrinking body on again to give battle that, he knew, must end in defeat, with a power he did not understand. A man pitted against a vengeful apparition!

Even as the colonel stood motionless, stunned by the horror of the scene, a revolver flashed in Barth's upraised hand, and his voice came, loud, maniacal, raucous with hate and triumph,

"I've got you—at last!"

But in that moment of deadly crisis, ere yet his finger pressed the trigger which it touched, the love in the girl's face, which remained even in the peril of death at his hands, grew and shone. And its radiance pierced and rent the veil of illusion that hung over Barth's senses, so that now, before the colonel could spring on him, the glare died from his eyes, the revolver crashed to the floor, his arms strained the girl to his breast.

Barth turned as the colonel approached. "Her love has conquered that other's hate," he said, with tender reverence.

But the colonel, as he rode away in the morning through the dark gloom of the skull-strewn jungle, questioned sadly of the silence,

"Which will conquer next time, this new love, or that old hate which has harried him through all the years?"